IT'S AN EMOTION THAT WE ALL SHARE!
P. BAGGE'S
#18
HATE!
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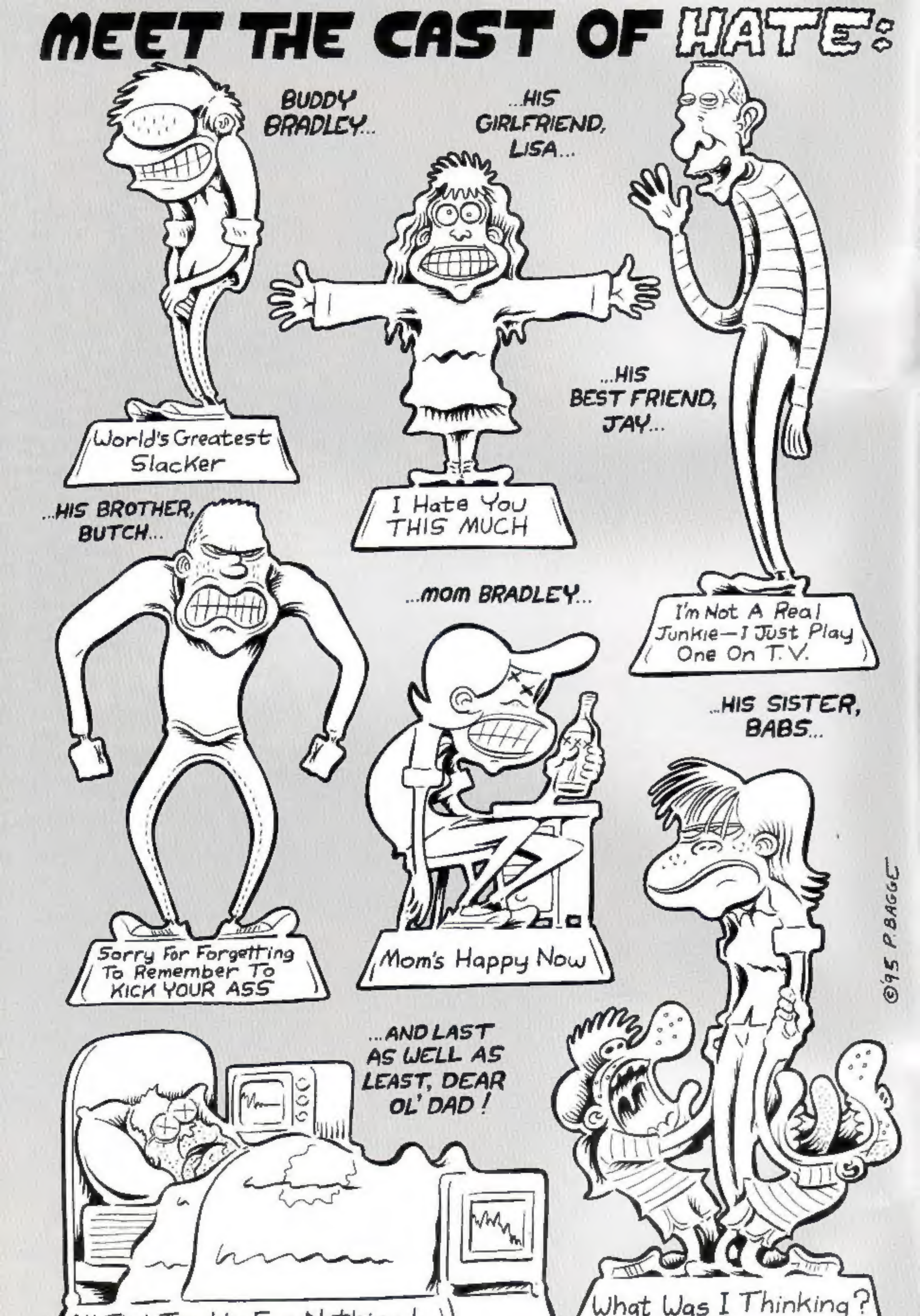
ALCOHOLISM AND AN INABILITY TO COPE...
...THESE ARE THE TIES THAT BIND!



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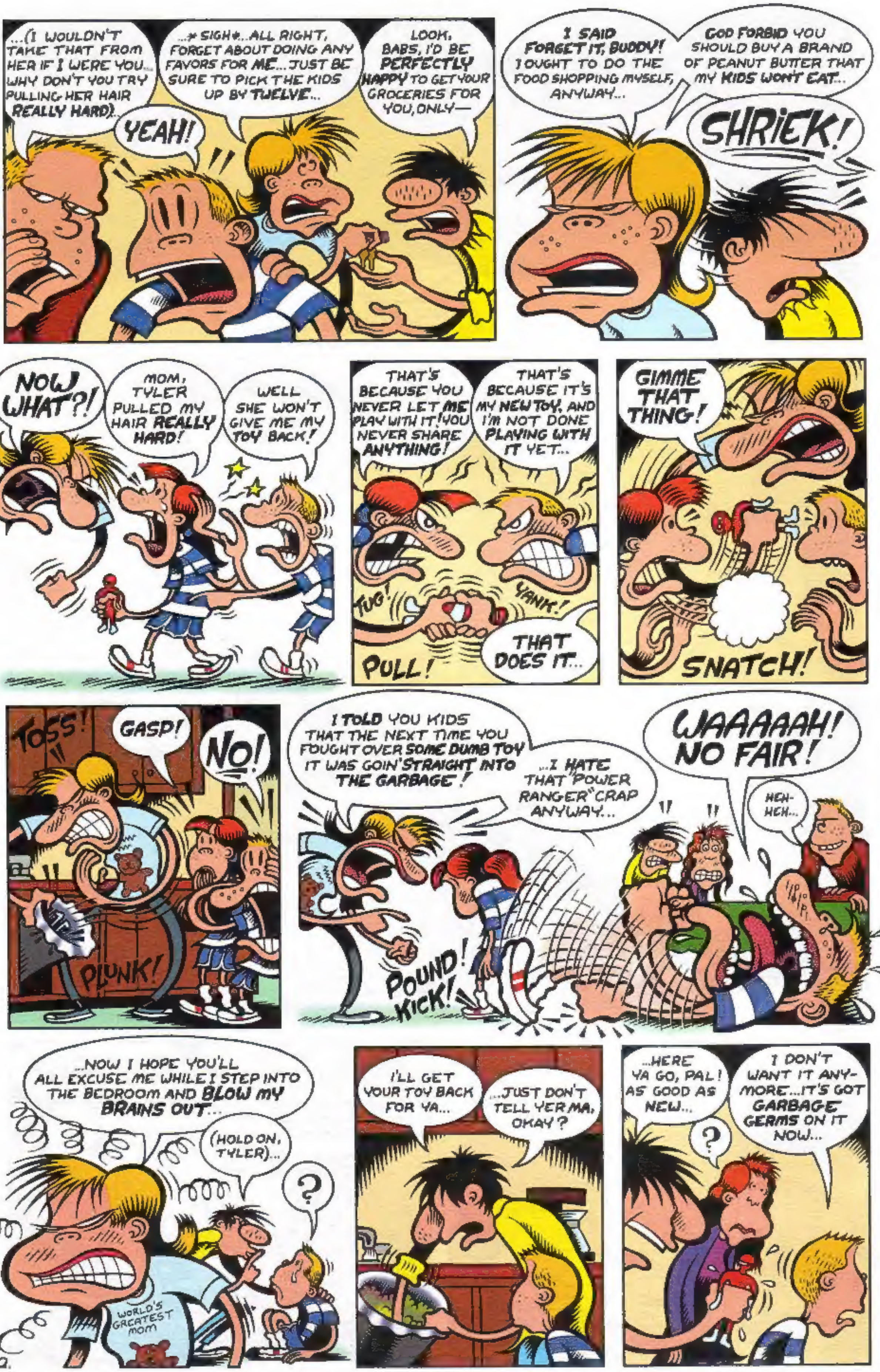
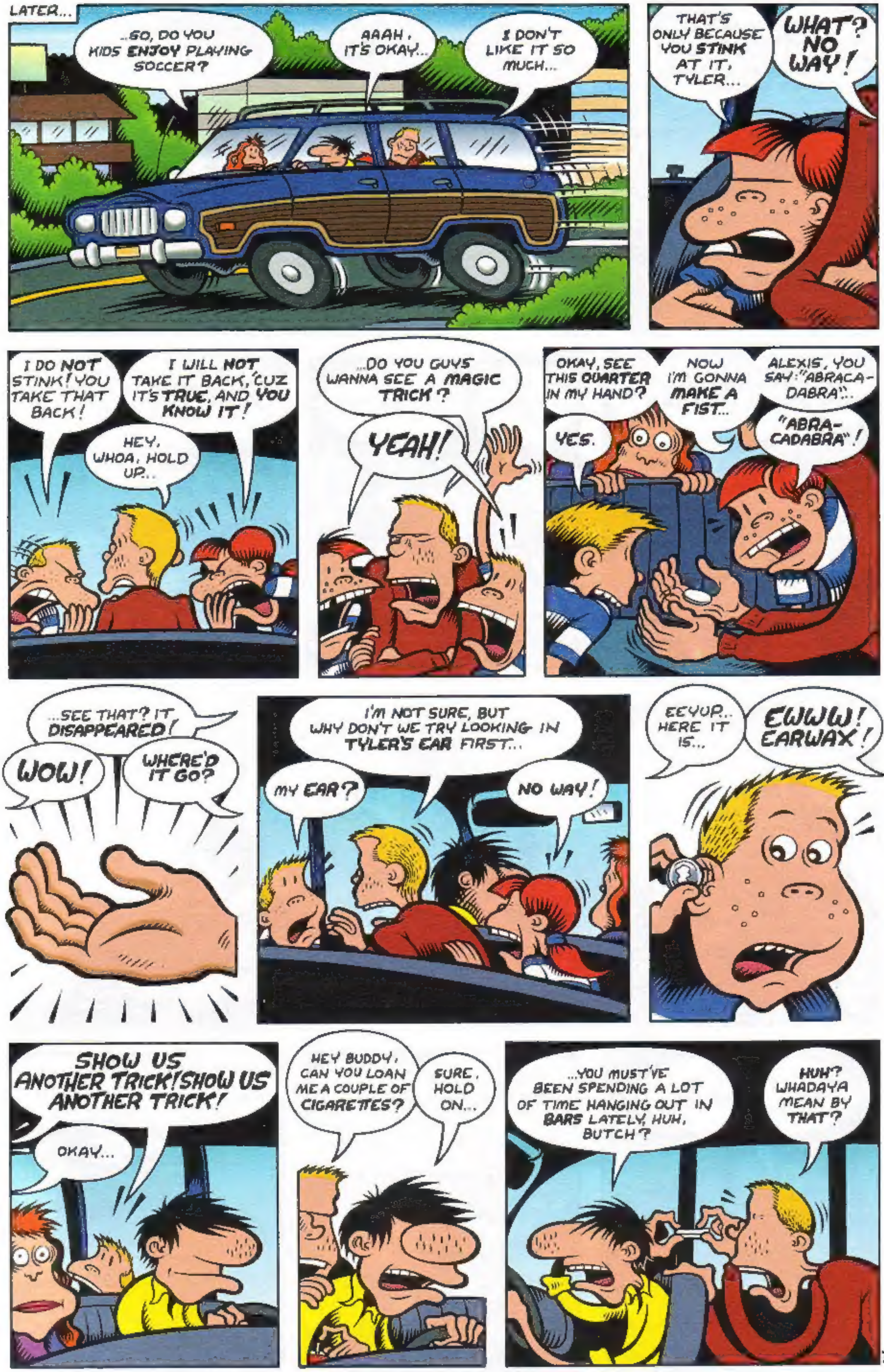
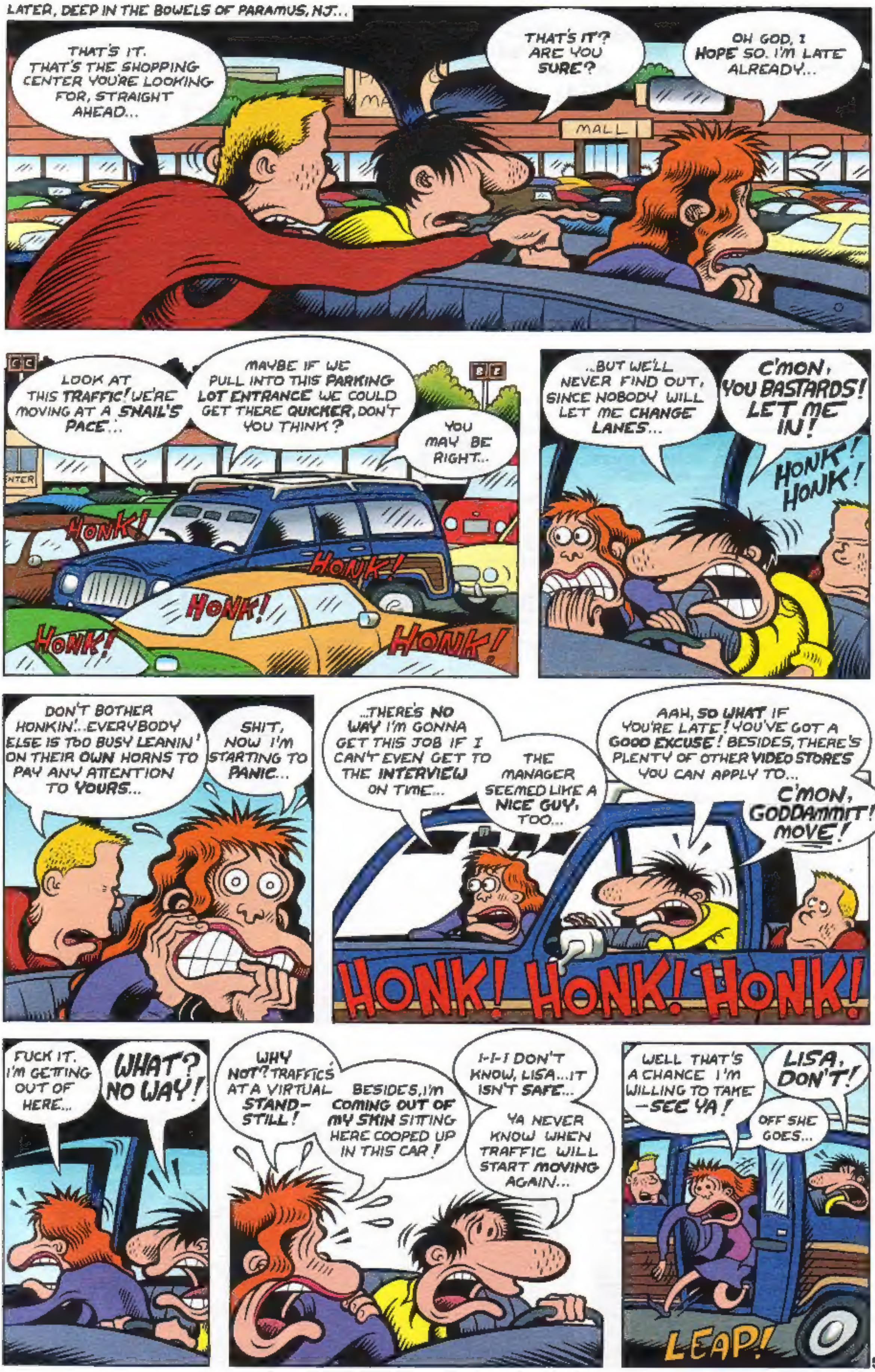
BUDDY BRADLEY in
BROTHER BUTCH
©1995 BY PETER BAGGE ART BY P. BAGGE AND JIM BLANCHARD
ALL RIGHT, NOW THE KIDS NEED TO BE AT SOCCER PRACTICE BY 9:00, AND PICKED UP BY NOON, GOT THAT?
...IN THE MEANTIME, HERE'S A LIST OF GROCERIES...
GROCERIES?! HEY, NOW WAIT A MINUTE! WE'VE GOT ERRANDS OF OUR OWN TO RUN...
GIMME THAT BACK, ALEXIS!
HEH-HEH...
NO! WHY SHOULD I?!
...I'VE GOT TO DROP LISA OFF AT THE MALL FOR HER JOB INTERVIEW, THEN ME AND JAY HAVETA CHECK OUT SOME RETAIL SPACES FOR OUR BUSINESS...
AND YOU HAVE TO USE MY CAR TO DO ALL THIS? WHY CAN'T YOU BORROW MOM OR DAD'S CAR?
LOOK AT TYLER'S FACE, EVERYBODY! IT'S TURNIN' ALL RED!
GIMME THAT, YOU STUPID UMPF! GLMPF!
...ER, WELL, DAD WON'T LET US BORROW HIS CAR, 'CUZ WE SORTA RUINED THE TRANSMISSION IN MOM'S CAR WHILE I WAS TEACHING LISA HOW TO DRIVE...
WAAAH!
(PSSST! HEY, TYLER! C'MERE!)


...(I WOULDN'T TAKE THAT FROM HER IF I WERE YOU... WHY DON'T YOU TRY PULLING HER HAIR REALLY HARD)...
YEAH!
...*SIGH*...ALL RIGHT, FORGET ABOUT DOING ANY FAVORS FOR ME...JUST BE SURE TO PICK THE KIDS UP BY TWELVE...
LOOK, BABS, I'D BE PERFECTLY HAPPY TO GET YOUR GROCERIES FOR YOU, ONLY—
I SAID FORGET IT, BUDDY! I OUGHT TO DO THE FOOD SHOPPING MYSELF, ANYWAY...
GOD FORBID YOU SHOULD BUY A BRAND OF PEANUT BUTTER THAT MY KIDS WON'T EAT...
SHRIEK!
NOW WHAT?!
MOM, TYLER PULLED MY HAIR REALLY HARD!
WELL SHE WON'T GIVE ME MY TOY BACK!
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU NEVER LET ME PLAY WITH IT! YOU NEVER SHARE ANYTHING!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S MY NEW TOY, AND I'M NOT DONE PLAYING WITH IT YET...
TUG!
YANK!
PULL!
THAT DOES IT...
GIMME THAT THING!
SNATCH!
TOSS!
GASP!
NO!
PLUNK!
I TOLD YOU KIDS THAT THE NEXT TIME YOU FOUGHT OVER SOME DUMB TOY IT WAS GOIN' STRAIGHT INTO THE GARBAGE!
...I HATE THAT "POWER RANGER" CRAP ANYWAY...
POUND! KICK!
WAAAAAH! NO FAIR!
HEH-HEH...
...NOW I HOPE YOU'LL ALL EXCUSE ME WHILE I STEP INTO THE BEDROOM AND BLOW MY BRAINS OUT...
(HOLD ON, TYLER)...
?
WORLD'S GREATEST MOM
I'LL GET YOUR TOY BACK FOR YA...
...JUST DON'T TELL YER MA, OKAY?
...HERE YA GO, PAL! AS GOOD AS NEW...
?
I DON'T WANT IT ANY-MORE...IT'S GOT GARBAGE GERMS ON IT NOW...



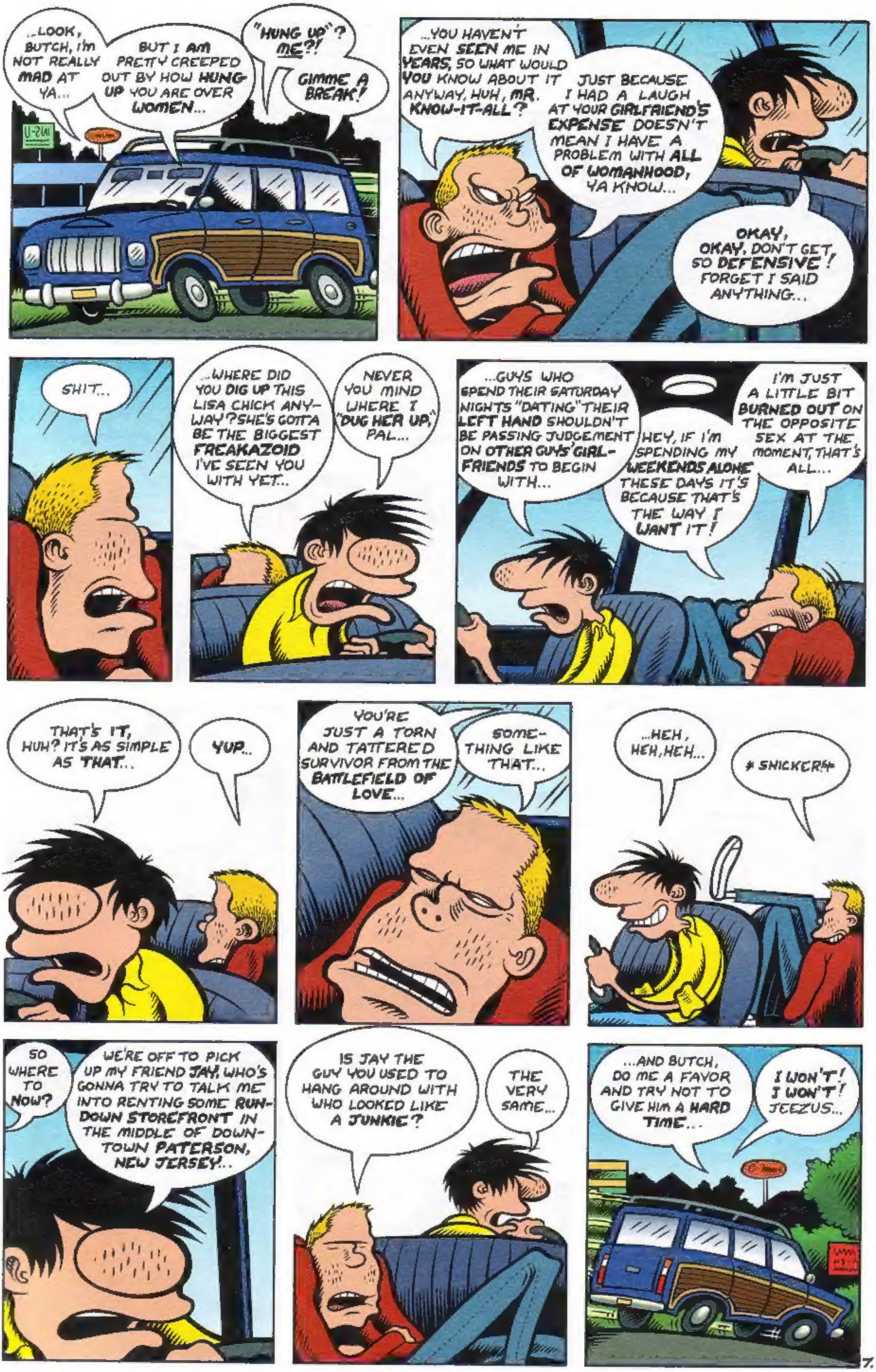
LATER...
...SO, DO YOU KIDS ENJOY PLAYING SOCCER?
AAAH, IT'S OKAY...
I DON'T LIKE IT SO MUCH...
THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU STINK AT IT, TYLER...
WHAT? NO WAY!
I DO NOT STINK! YOU TAKE THAT BACK!
I WILL NOT TAKE IT BACK, 'CUZ IT'S TRUE, AND YOU KNOW IT!
HEY, WHOA, HOLD UP...
...DO YOU GUYS WANNA SEE A MAGIC TRICK?
YEAH!
OKAY, SEE THIS QUARTER IN MY HAND?
YES.
NOW I'M GONNA MAKE A FIST...
ALEXIS, YOU SAY: "ABRACADABRA"...
"ABRACADABRA"!
...SEE THAT? IT DISAPPEARED!
WOW!
WHERE'D IT GO?
I'M NOT SURE, BUT WHY DON'T WE TRY LOOKING IN TYLER'S EAR FIRST...
MY EAR?
NO WAY!
EEYUP... HERE IT IS...
EWWW! EARWAX!
SHOW US ANOTHER TRICK! SHOW US ANOTHER TRICK!
OKAY...
HEY BUDDY, CAN YOU LOAN ME A COUPLE OF CIGARETTES?
SURE, HOLD ON...
...YOU MUST'VE BEEN SPENDING A LOT OF TIME HANGING OUT IN BARS LATELY, HUH, BUTCH?
HUH? WHADAYA MEAN BY THAT?

WELL, THAT'S WHERE PEOPLE USUALLY LEARN ALL THOSE LITTLE TRICKS WITH MATCH BOOKS AND CIGARETTES AND POCKET CHANGE...
JUST ABOUT EVERY-ONE I KNOW WHO KNOWS THOSE TRICKS IS A BARFLY...
OH YEAH? WELL, FUCK YOU, MAN. I AIN'T NO FUCKIN' BAR-FLY...
(JEEZIZ, BUTCH! WATCH YOUR MOUTH, MAN)...
YEAH, UNCLE BUTCH! YOU SAID A WORD THAT ISN'T VERY NICE!
HUH? OH...SORRY, ALEXIS...
...(BUT IT'S OKAY TO TALK TO BUDDY THAT WAY, CUZ HE DESERVES IT)...
OH YEAH?
OH, UNCLE BUDDY?
YES, ALEXIS? WHAT IS IT?
FUCK YOU!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
TEE-HEE!
I'M TELLING, ALEXIS!
YEAH, WE'RE REALLY IMPRESSED.
NICE GOING, BUTCH.
AAH, WHO ASKED YOU, YA...
WHAT? WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO CALL ME? WHY DON'T YOU TEACH THE KIDS SOME MORE NEW WORDS, HMMMM?
AAAAH... I WASN'T GONNA SAY NOTHIN'...
...OKAY, TYLER, HOW MANY CIGARETTES AM I HOLDING?
OH, UH... TWO!
THAT'S RIGHT. NOW WATCH THIS... SAY: "HOCUS POCUS."
HOCUS POCUS!
FUCKIN' BARFLY!

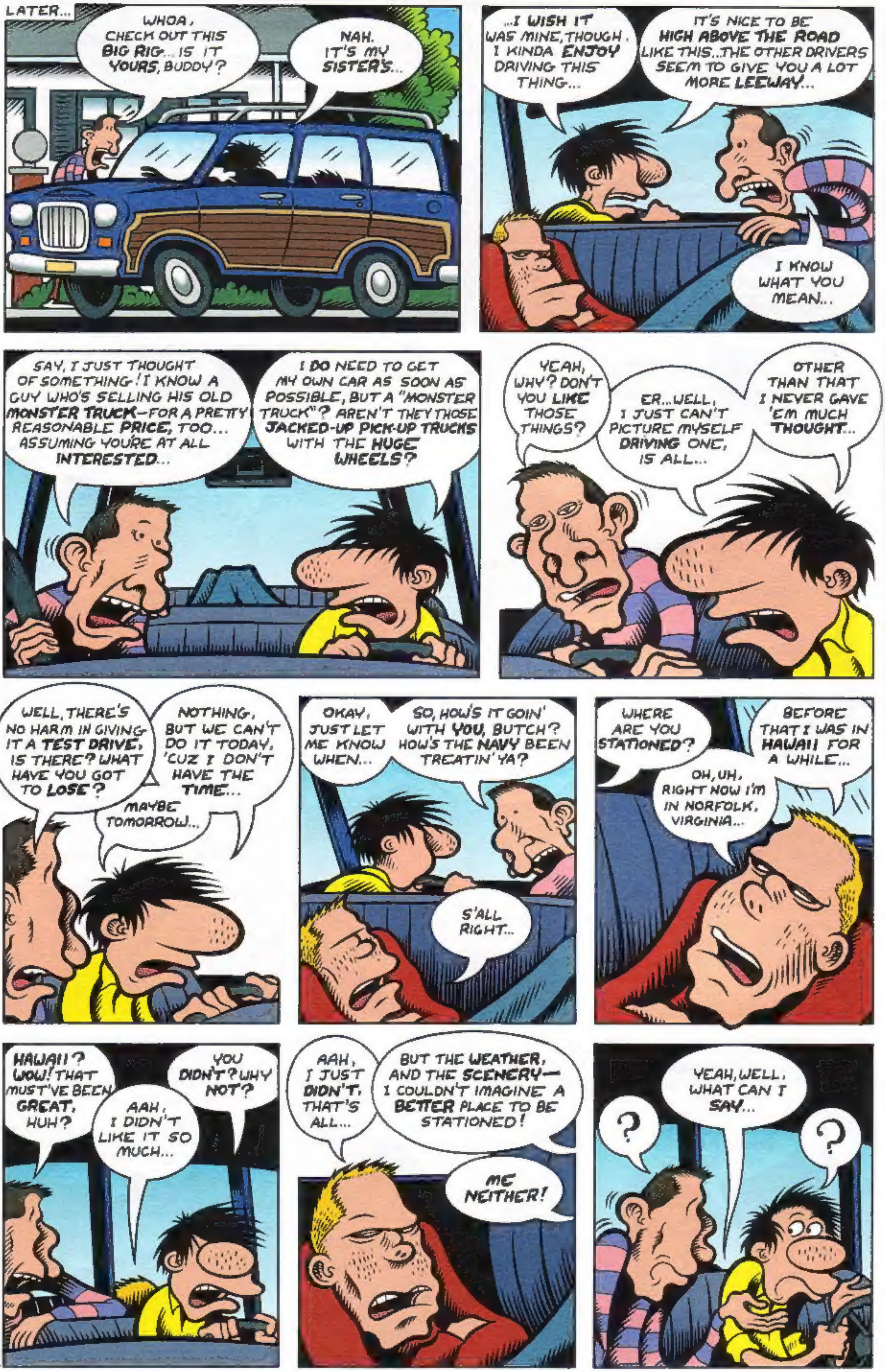


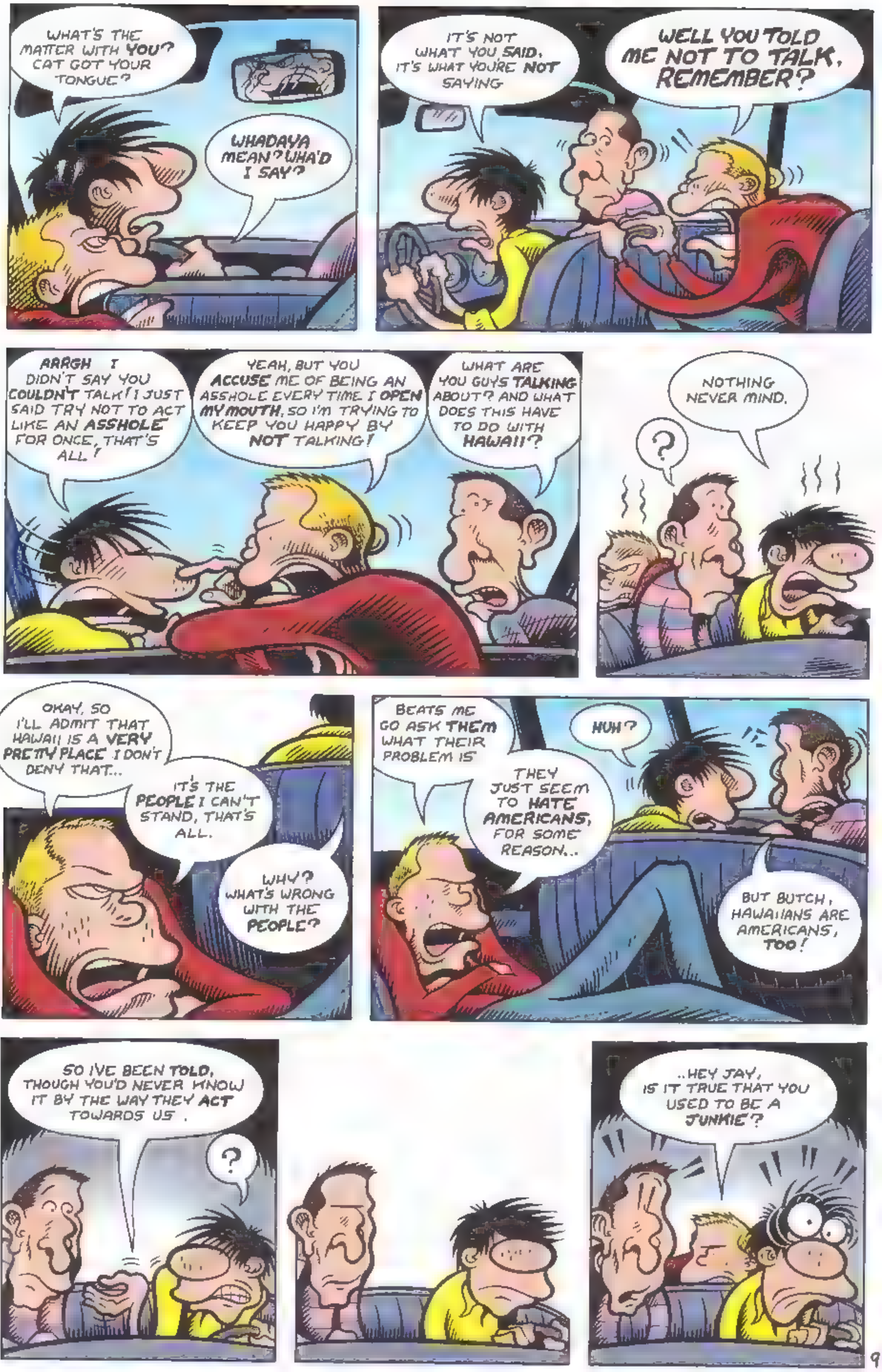
LATER, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF PARAMUS, NJ...
THAT'S IT. THAT'S THE SHOPPING CENTER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, STRAIGHT AHEAD...
THAT'S IT? ARE YOU SURE?
OH GOD, I HOPE SO. I'M LATE ALREADY...
MALL
LOOK AT THIS TRAFFIC! WE'RE MOVING AT A SNAIL'S PACE...
MAYBE IF WE PULL INTO THIS PARKING LOT ENTRANCE WE COULD GET THERE QUICKER, DON'T YOU THINK?
YOU MAY BE RIGHT...
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
...BUT WE'LL NEVER FIND OUT, SINCE NOBODY WILL LET ME CHANGE LANES...
C'MON, YOU BASTARDS! LET ME IN!
HONK! HONK!
DON'T BOTHER HONKIN'...EVERYBODY ELSE IS TOO BUSY LEANIN' ON THEIR OWN HORNS TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO YOURS...
SHIT, NOW I'M STARTING TO PANIC...
...THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA GET THIS JOB IF I CAN'T EVEN GET TO THE INTERVIEW ON TIME...
THE MANAGER SEEMED LIKE A NICE GUY, TOO...
AAH, SO WHAT IF YOU'RE LATE! YOU'VE GOT A GOOD EXCUSE! BESIDES, THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHER VIDEO STORES YOU CAN APPLY TO...
C'MON, GODDAMMIT! MOVE!
HONK! HONK! HONK!
FUCK IT. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE...
WHAT? NO WAY!
WHY NOT? TRAFFIC'S AT A VIRTUAL STAND-STILL!
BESIDES, I'M COMING OUT OF MY SKIN SITTING HERE COOPED UP IN THIS CAR!
I-I-I DON'T KNOW, LISA...IT ISN'T SAFE...
YA NEVER KNOW WHEN TRAFFIC WILL START MOVING AGAIN...
WELL THAT'S A CHANCE I'M WILLING TO TAKE —SEE YA!
LISA, DON'T!
OFF SHE GOES...
LEAP!

OH NO! THE CARS ARE STARTING TO MOVE AGAIN!
LOOK OUT, LISA!
HONK! BEEP!
HAW! WHAT A RIOT!
GOOD GRIEF, SHE'S GONNA GET KILLED! WHAT A STUPID, HARE-BRAINED IDEA THIS WAS!
WHOA, THAT GUY IN THE CADDIE STEPPED ON HIS BRAKES JUST IN TIME!
AND CHECK OUT THE LOOK ON LISA'S FACE! HAW!
=WHEW!= SHE MADE IT...
YEAH, BUT LOOK, NOW SHE'S LIMPING!
I GUESS SHE'S NOT USED TO RUNNING IN HIGH-HEELS, HUH, BUDDY? HEH-HEH...
NO, SHE'S OKAY... SHE JUST BROKE A HEEL, IS ALL...
OH MAN, THAT WAS HILARIOUS! THAT MADE MY DAY, I'M TELLIN' YA... HAW! HAW! HAW!
HEE-HEE-HEE...HEH-HEH... HEH...
...WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?
THAT'S MY GIRLFRIEND YOU'RE LAUGHING AT, YOU KNOW...
YEAH, SO? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? YOU THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE I— I MEAN, YOU— I MEAN...
OKAY, LOOK—I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN' BY IT, OKAY? OKAY? SO IF YOU'RE GONNA GET ALL PISSED OFF AT ME OVER NOTHIN', THEN I'LL JUST...I'M GONNA...
YOU'RE GONNA WHAT?
WHOA, LOOK OUT! OUR LANE IS MOVING!
WHAT? -WHOA!
HONK! HONK!

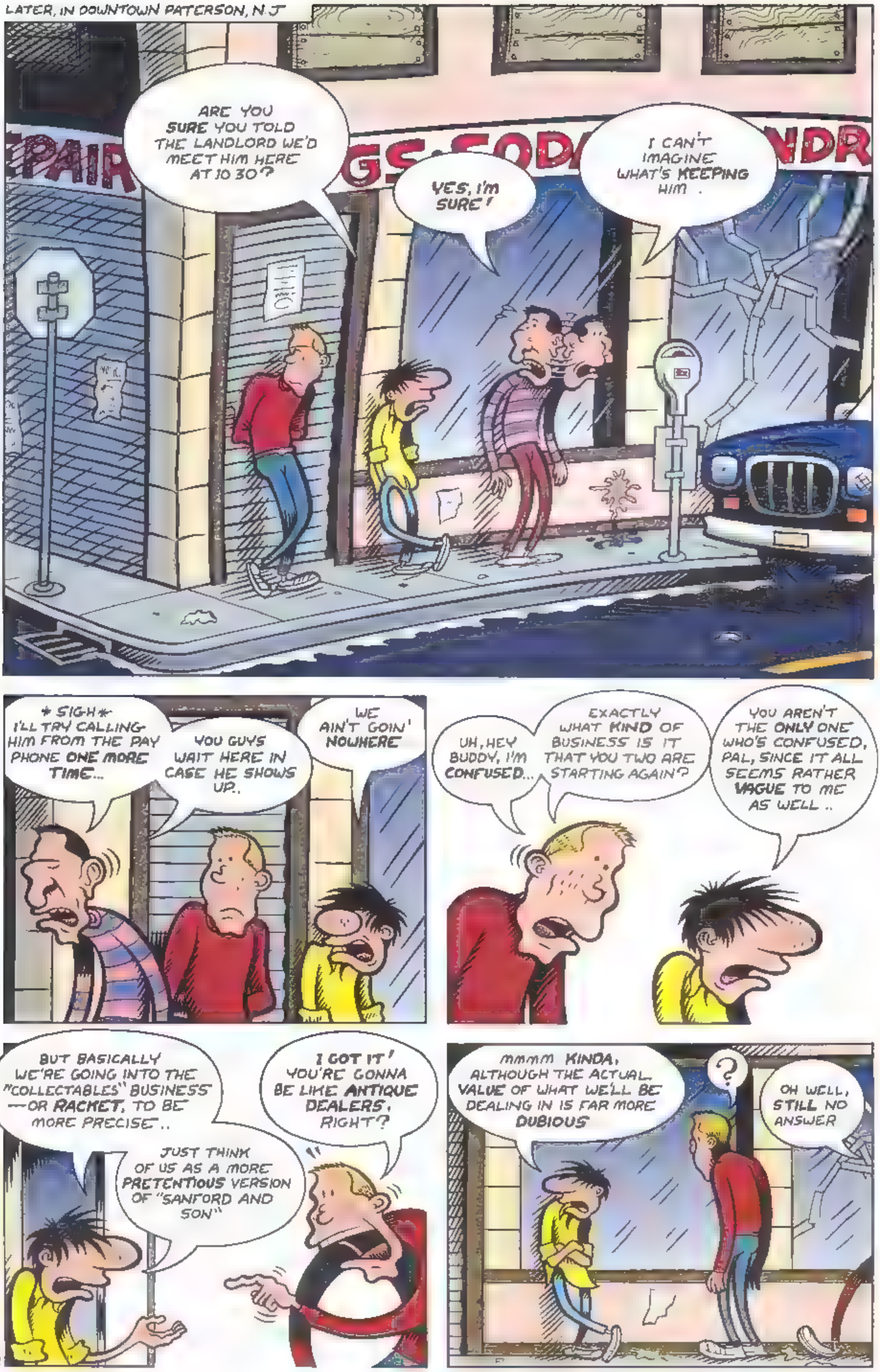


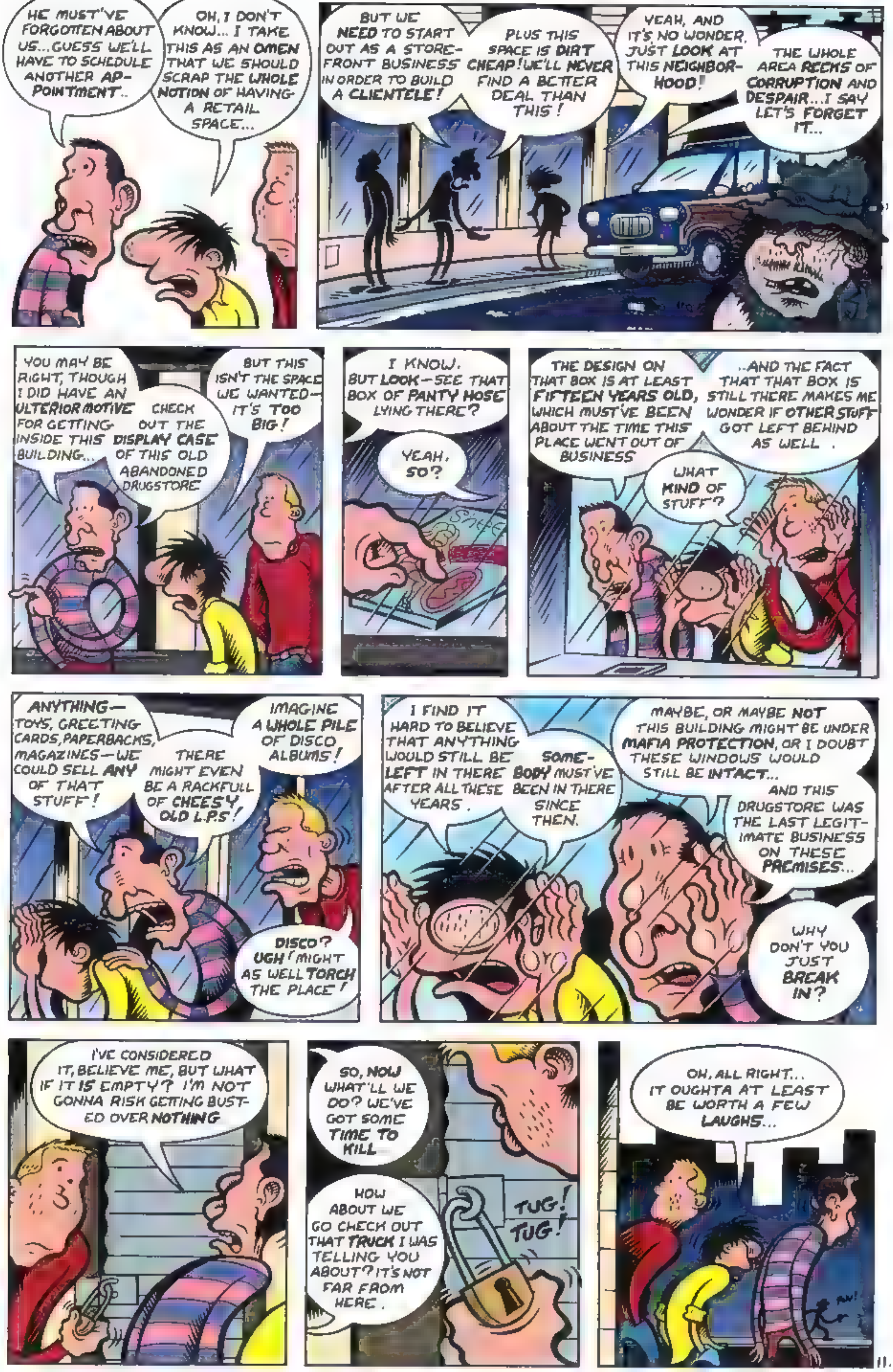
...LOOK, BUTCH, I'M NOT REALLY MAD AT YA...
BUT I AM PRETTY CREEPED OUT BY HOW HUNG UP YOU ARE OVER WOMEN...
"HUNG UP"? ME?!
GIMME A BREAK!
U-ZIN
...YOU HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN ME IN YEARS, SO WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT IT ANYWAY, HUH, MR. KNOW-IT-ALL?
JUST BECAUSE I HAD A LAUGH AT YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S EXPENSE DOESN'T MEAN I HAVE A PROBLEM WITH ALL OF WOMANHOOD, YA KNOW...
OKAY, OKAY, DON'T GET SO DEFENSIVE! FORGET I SAID ANYTHING...
SHIT...
...WHERE DID YOU DIG UP THIS LISA CHICK ANYWAY? SHE'S GOTTA BE THE BIGGEST FREAKAZOID I'VE SEEN YOU WITH YET...
NEVER YOU MIND WHERE I "DUG HER UP," PAL...
...GUYS WHO SPEND THEIR SATURDAY NIGHTS "DATING" THEIR LEFT HAND SHOULDN'T BE PASSING JUDGEMENT ON OTHER GUYS' GIRLFRIENDS TO BEGIN WITH...
HEY, IF I'M SPENDING MY WEEKENDS ALONE THESE DAYS IT'S BECAUSE THAT'S THE WAY I WANT IT!
I'M JUST A LITTLE BIT BURNED OUT ON THE OPPOSITE SEX AT THE MOMENT, THAT'S ALL...
THAT'S IT, HUH? IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT...
YUP...
YOU'RE JUST A TORN AND TATTERED SURVIVOR FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF LOVE...
SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
...HEH, HEH, HEH...
SNICKER
SO WHERE TO NOW?
WE'RE OFF TO PICK UP MY FRIEND JAY, WHO'S GONNA TRY TO TALK ME INTO RENTING SOME RUN-DOWN STOREFRONT IN THE MIDDLE OF DOWNTOWN PATERSON, NEW JERSEY...
IS JAY THE GUY YOU USED TO HANG AROUND WITH WHO LOOKED LIKE A JUNKIE?
THE VERY SAME...
...AND BUTCH, DO ME A FAVOR AND TRY NOT TO GIVE HIM A HARD TIME...
I WON'T! I WON'T! JEEZUS...


LATER...
WHOA, CHECK OUT THIS BIG RIG... IS IT YOURS, BUDDY?
NAH. IT'S MY SISTER'S...
...I WISH IT WAS MINE, THOUGH. I KINDA ENJOY DRIVING THIS THING...
IT'S NICE TO BE HIGH ABOVE THE ROAD LIKE THIS... THE OTHER DRIVERS SEEM TO GIVE YOU A LOT MORE LEEWAY...
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN...
SAY, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! I KNOW A GUY WHO'S SELLING HIS OLD MONSTER TRUCK—FOR A PRETTY REASONABLE PRICE, TOO... ASSUMING YOU'RE AT ALL INTERESTED...
I DO NEED TO GET MY OWN CAR AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, BUT A "MONSTER TRUCK"? AREN'T THEY THOSE JACKED-UP PICK-UP TRUCKS WITH THE HUGE WHEELS?
YEAH, WHY? DON'T YOU LIKE THOSE THINGS?
ER... WELL, I JUST CAN'T PICTURE MYSELF DRIVING ONE, IS ALL...
OTHER THAN THAT I NEVER GAVE 'EM MUCH THOUGHT...
WELL, THERE'S NO HARM IN GIVING IT A TEST DRIVE, IS THERE? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE?
NOTHING, BUT WE CAN'T DO IT TODAY, 'CUZ I DON'T HAVE THE TIME...
MAYBE TOMORROW...
OKAY, JUST LET ME KNOW WHEN...
SO, HOW'S IT GOIN' WITH YOU, BUTCH? HOW'S THE NAVY BEEN TREATIN' YA?
S'ALL RIGHT...
WHERE ARE YOU STATIONED?
BEFORE THAT I WAS IN HAWAII FOR A WHILE...
OH, UH, RIGHT NOW I'M IN NORFOLK, VIRGINIA...
HAWAII? WOW! THAT MUST'VE BEEN GREAT, HUH?
AAH, I DIDN'T LIKE IT SO MUCH...
YOU DIDN'T? WHY NOT?
AAH, I JUST DIDN'T. THAT'S ALL...
BUT THE WEATHER, AND THE SCENERY— I COULDN'T IMAGINE A BETTER PLACE TO BE STATIONED!
ME NEITHER!
YEAH, WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY...
?
?

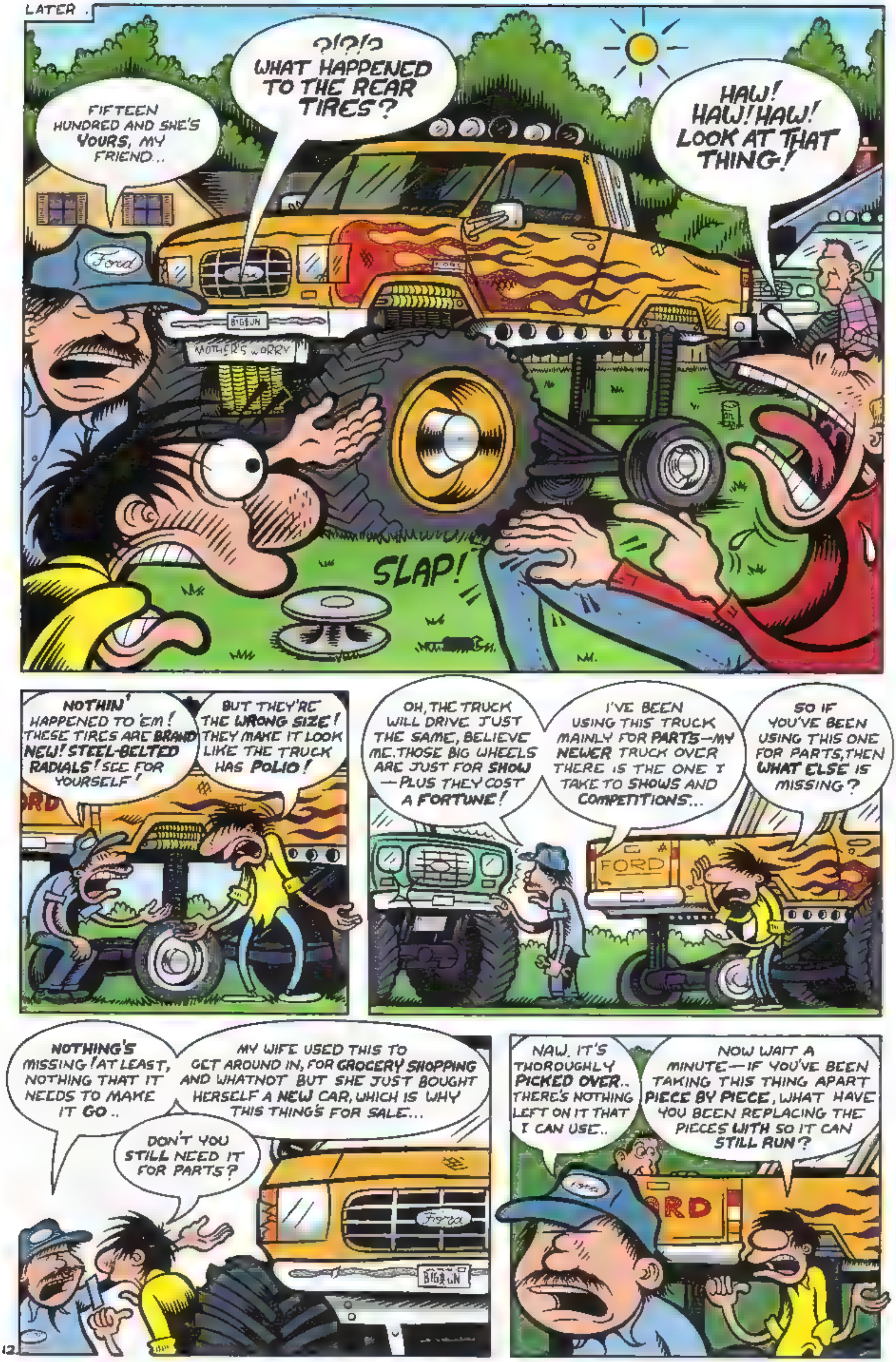


WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
WHADAYA MEAN? WHA'D I SAY?
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU SAID, IT'S WHAT YOU'RE NOT SAYING
WELL YOU TOLD ME NOT TO TALK, REMEMBER?
ARRGH I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULDN'T TALK! I JUST SAID TRY NOT TO ACT LIKE AN ASSHOLE FOR ONCE, THAT'S ALL!
YEAH, BUT YOU ACCUSE ME OF BEING AN ASSHOLE EVERY TIME I OPEN MY MOUTH, SO I'M TRYING TO KEEP YOU HAPPY BY NOT TALKING!
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT? AND WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH HAWAII?
?
NOTHING NEVER MIND.
OKAY, SO I'LL ADMIT THAT HAWAII IS A VERY PRETTY PLACE I DON'T DENY THAT...
IT'S THE PEOPLE I CAN'T STAND, THAT'S ALL.
WHY? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PEOPLE?
BEATS ME GO ASK THEM WHAT THEIR PROBLEM IS
HUH?
THEY JUST SEEM TO HATE AMERICANS, FOR SOME REASON...
BUT BUTCH, HAWAIIANS ARE AMERICANS, TOO!
SO I'VE BEEN TOLD, THOUGH YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT BY THE WAY THEY ACT TOWARDS US.
?
..HEY JAY, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU USED TO BE A JUNKIE?

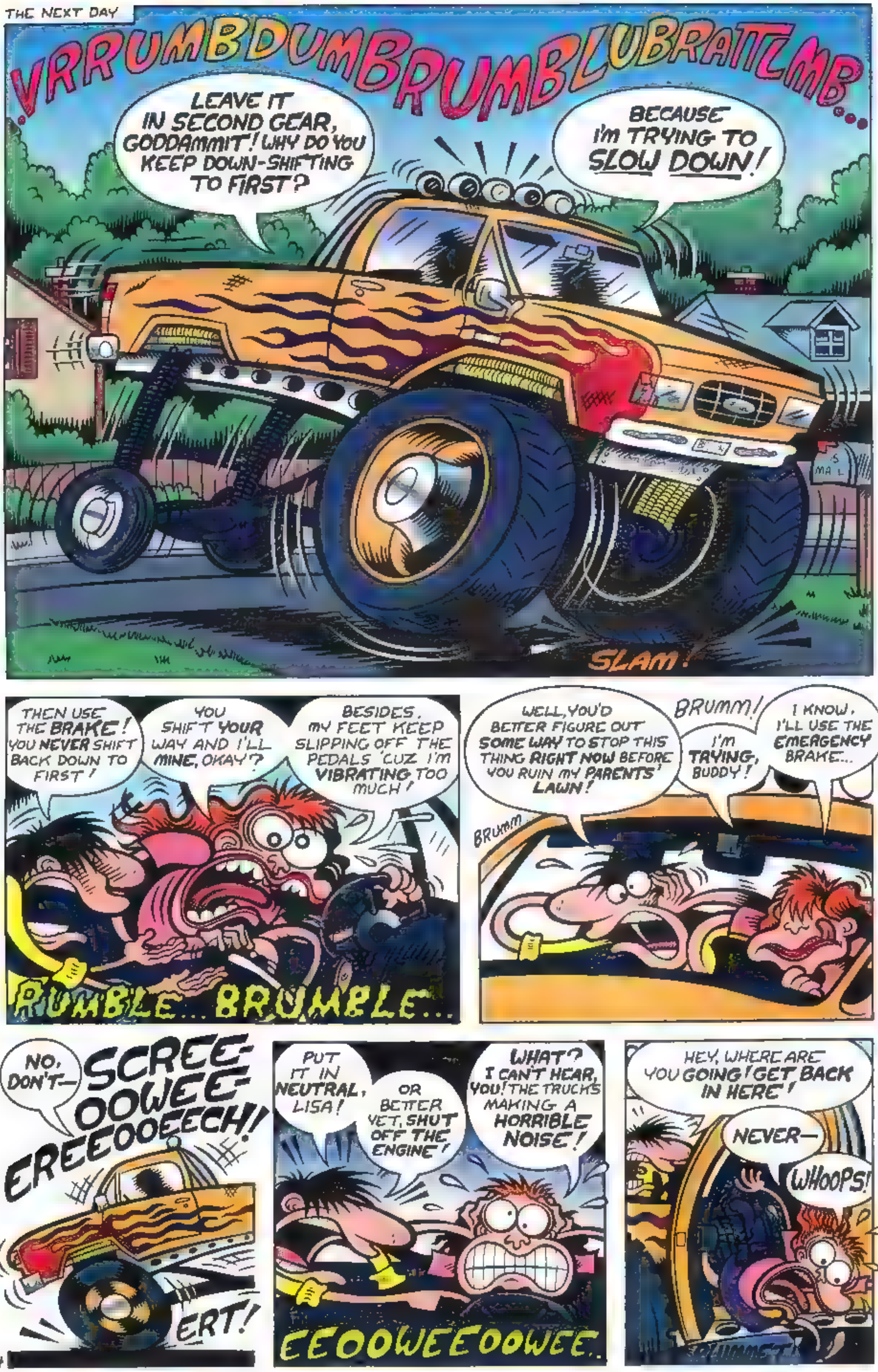

LATER, IN DOWNTOWN PATERSON, N.J.
ARE YOU SURE YOU TOLD THE LANDLORD WE'D MEET HIM HERE AT 10:30?
YES, I'M SURE!
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S KEEPING HIM.
SIGH I'LL TRY CALLING HIM FROM THE PAY PHONE ONE MORE TIME...
YOU GUYS WAIT HERE IN CASE HE SHOWS UP.
WE AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE
UH, HEY BUDDY, I'M CONFUSED...
EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS IS IT THAT YOU TWO ARE STARTING AGAIN?
YOU AREN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO'S CONFUSED, PAL, SINCE IT ALL SEEMS RATHER VAGUE TO ME AS WELL..
BUT BASICALLY WE'RE GOING INTO THE "COLLECTABLES" BUSINESS —OR RACKET, TO BE MORE PRECISE..
JUST THINK OF US AS A MORE PRETENTIOUS VERSION OF "SANFORD AND SON"
I GOT IT! YOU'RE GONNA BE LIKE ANTIQUE DEALERS, RIGHT?
MMMM KINDA, ALTHOUGH THE ACTUAL VALUE OF WHAT WE'LL BE DEALING IN IS FAR MORE DUBIOUS
?
OH WELL, STILL NO ANSWER

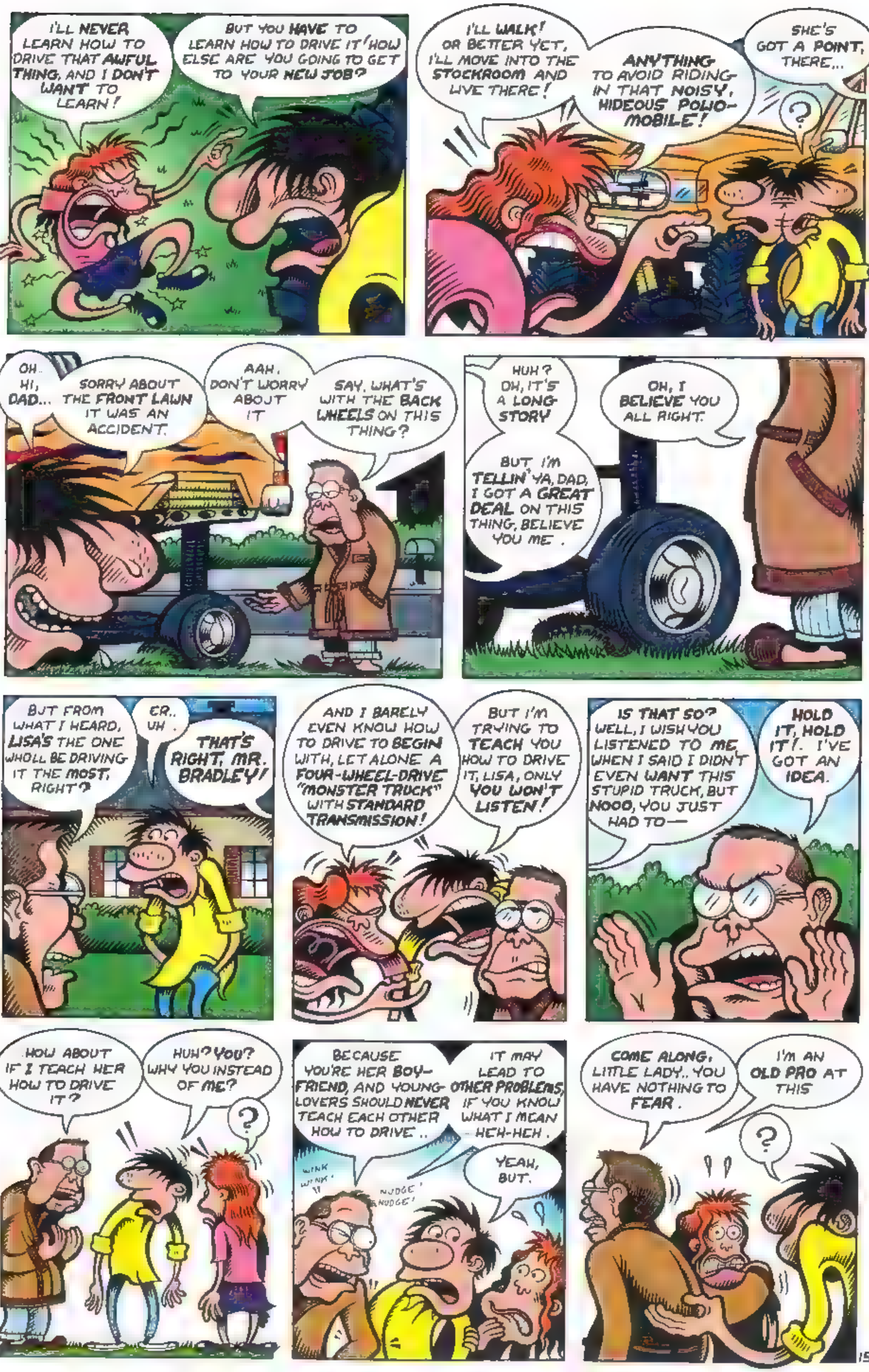


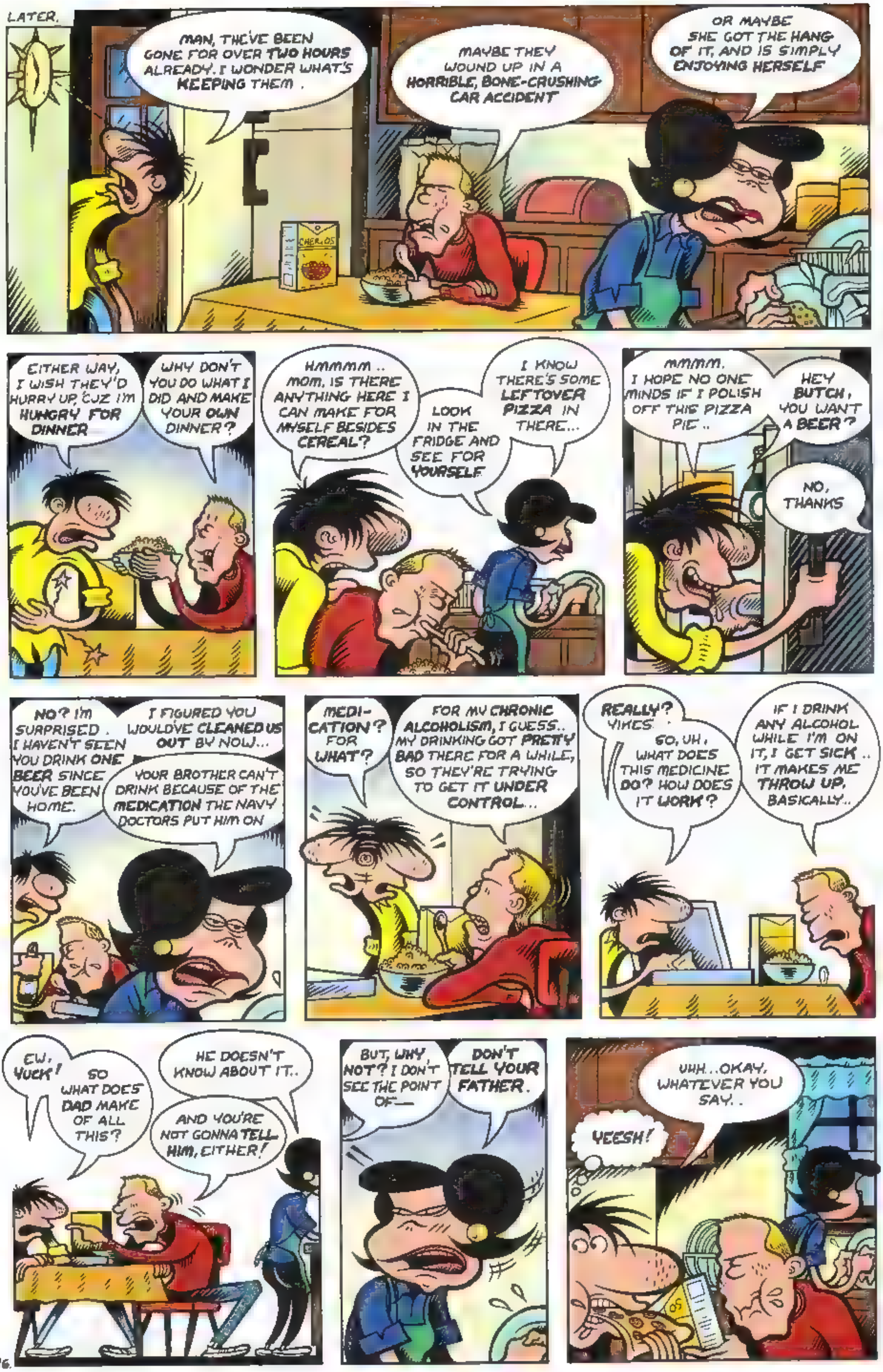
HE MUST'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT US... GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SCHEDULE ANOTHER AP-POINTMENT..
OH, I DON'T KNOW... I TAKE THIS AS AN OMEN THAT WE SHOULD SCRAP THE WHOLE NOTION OF HAVING A RETAIL SPACE...
BUT WE NEED TO START OUT AS A STORE-FRONT BUSINESS IN ORDER TO BUILD A CLIENTELE!
PLUS THIS SPACE IS DIRT CHEAP! WE'LL NEVER FIND A BETTER DEAL THAN THIS!
YEAH, AND IT'S NO WONDER, JUST LOOK AT THIS NEIGHBOR-HOOD!
THE WHOLE AREA REEKS OF CORRUPTION AND DESPAIR... I SAY LET'S FORGET IT...
YOU MAY BE RIGHT, THOUGH I DID HAVE AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE FOR GETTING INSIDE THIS BUILDING...
BUT THIS ISN'T THE SPACE WE WANTED— IT'S TOO BIG!
CHECK OUT THE DISPLAY CASE OF THIS OLD ABANDONED DRUGSTORE
I KNOW. BUT LOOK— SEE THAT BOX OF PANTY HOSE LYING THERE?
YEAH, SO?
THE DESIGN ON THAT BOX IS AT LEAST FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, WHICH MUST'VE BEEN ABOUT THE TIME THIS PLACE WENT OUT OF BUSINESS
..AND THE FACT THAT THAT BOX IS STILL THERE MAKES ME WONDER IF OTHER STUFF GOT LEFT BEHIND AS WELL.
WHAT KIND OF STUFF?
ANYTHING— TOYS, GREETING CARDS, PAPERBACKS, MAGAZINES— WE COULD SELL ANY OF THAT STUFF!
THERE MIGHT EVEN BE A RACKFULL OF CHEESY OLD L.P.S!
IMAGINE A WHOLE PILE OF DISCO ALBUMS!
DISCO? UGH! MIGHT AS WELL TORCH THE PLACE!
I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT ANYTHING WOULD STILL BE LEFT IN THERE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.
SOME-BODY MUST'VE BEEN IN THERE SINCE THEN.
MAYBE, OR MAYBE NOT. THIS BUILDING MIGHT BE UNDER MAFIA PROTECTION, OR I DOUBT THESE WINDOWS WOULD STILL BE INTACT...
AND THIS DRUGSTORE WAS THE LAST LEGIT-IMATE BUSINESS ON THESE PREMISES...
WHY DON'T YOU JUST BREAK IN?
I'VE CONSIDERED IT, BELIEVE ME, BUT WHAT IF IT IS EMPTY? I'M NOT GONNA RISK GETTING BUST-ED OVER NOTHING
SO, NOW WHAT'LL WE DO? WE'VE GOT SOME TIME TO KILL
HOW ABOUT WE GO CHECK OUT THAT TRUCK I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT? IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE.
TUG! TUG!
OH, ALL RIGHT... IT OUGHTA AT LEAST BE WORTH A FEW LAUGHS...


LATER .
FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND SHE'S YOURS, MY FRIEND..
?!?!? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REAR TIRES?
HAW! HAW! HAW! LOOK AT THAT THING!
FORD
BIG'UN
MOTHER'S WORRY
SLAP!
NOTHIN' HAPPENED TO 'EM! THESE TIRES ARE BRAND NEW! STEEL-BELTED RADIALS! SEE FOR YOURSELF!
BUT THEY'RE THE WRONG SIZE! THEY MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE TRUCK HAS POLIO!
OH, THE TRUCK WILL DRIVE JUST THE SAME, BELIEVE ME. THOSE BIG WHEELS ARE JUST FOR SHOW —PLUS THEY COST A FORTUNE!
I'VE BEEN USING THIS TRUCK MAINLY FOR PARTS—MY NEWER TRUCK OVER THERE IS THE ONE I TAKE TO SHOWS AND COMPETITIONS...
FORD
SO IF YOU'VE BEEN USING THIS ONE FOR PARTS, THEN WHAT ELSE IS MISSING?
NOTHING'S MISSING! AT LEAST, NOTHING THAT IT NEEDS TO MAKE IT GO..
MY WIFE USED THIS TO GET AROUND IN, FOR GROCERY SHOPPING AND WHATNOT BUT SHE JUST BOUGHT HERSELF A NEW CAR, WHICH IS WHY THIS THING'S FOR SALE...
DON'T YOU STILL NEED IT FOR PARTS?
BIG'UN
NAW, IT'S THOROUGHLY PICKED OVER.. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT ON IT THAT I CAN USE..
NOW WAIT A MINUTE—IF YOU'VE BEEN TAKING THIS THING APART PIECE BY PIECE, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN REPLACING THE PIECES WITH SO IT CAN STILL RUN?

SEE THAT BEAT UP OLD CHEVY OVER THERE? THAT'S WHAT MY WIFE WAS DRIVING WHEN I FIRST MET HER...
I'VE BEEN TAKING PARTS OFF OF THAT AND PUTTING 'EM IN THE TRUCK BIT BY BIT..
LIKE WHICH PARTS? THE ENGINE?
OF COURSE. THE ENGINE WAS THE FIRST TO GO...
YOU MEAN THIS TRUCK HAS A CHEVY NOVA ENGINE IN IT?!
FORD
SURE, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? IT'S STILL GOT SOME MILES ON IT..
LOOK, WHY DO YOU THINK I'M SELLING THIS THING FOR ONLY FIFTEEN HUNDRED? IF YOU WANT ALL OF THE ORIGINAL PARTS INTACT THEN BUY YOURSELF A NEW TRUCK!
HMMM...
..CAN'T I AT LEAST HAVE OLD TIRES BACK ON IT?
SURE, BUT IT'LL COST YA I TOLD YOU, THOSE THINGS AIN'T CHEAP!
YOU'D BE BETTER OFF REPLACING THE FRONT ONES IF YA WANT THEM ALL TO MATCH
HOO-BOY.. I DON'T KNOW..
C'MON, BUDDY! AT LEAST TAKE IT FOR A TEST SPIN!
YEAH, WHADAYA GOT TO LOSE?
WELL, ALL RIGHT...I MIGHT AS WELL SEE HOW SHE "HANDLES".
BUT LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING, MISTER.
WHAT'S THAT?
IF YOUR WIFE NEEDED A CAR TO GET AROUND IN, WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE THE NOVA IN-TACT?
WHAT WAS THE POINT OF TAKING IT APART JUST TO KEEP THIS OLD TRUCK WORKING?
WHAH? ARE YOU KIDDING? EVERY-BODY KNOWS THAT CHEVYS ARE PIECES OF SHIT!
YES, BUT, YOU'VE GOT A CHEVY ENGINE SITTING UNDER THIS HOOD, SO IN A SENSE SHE STILL WAS DRIVING A CHEVY—
HEY, WHOA! NOW JUST A SEC...
LISTEN KID, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT WHERE I COME FROM ONE THING IS UNDERSTOOD...
..AND THAT IS THAT NO SELF-RESPECTING MAN WILL LET HIS OLD LADY BE SEEN DRIVING AROUND IN A CHEVY!
YOU TELL 'IM, LESTER!
GOOD GRIEF!
I'D RATHER DIE IN A FORD THAN BE BURIED IN A CHEVY!

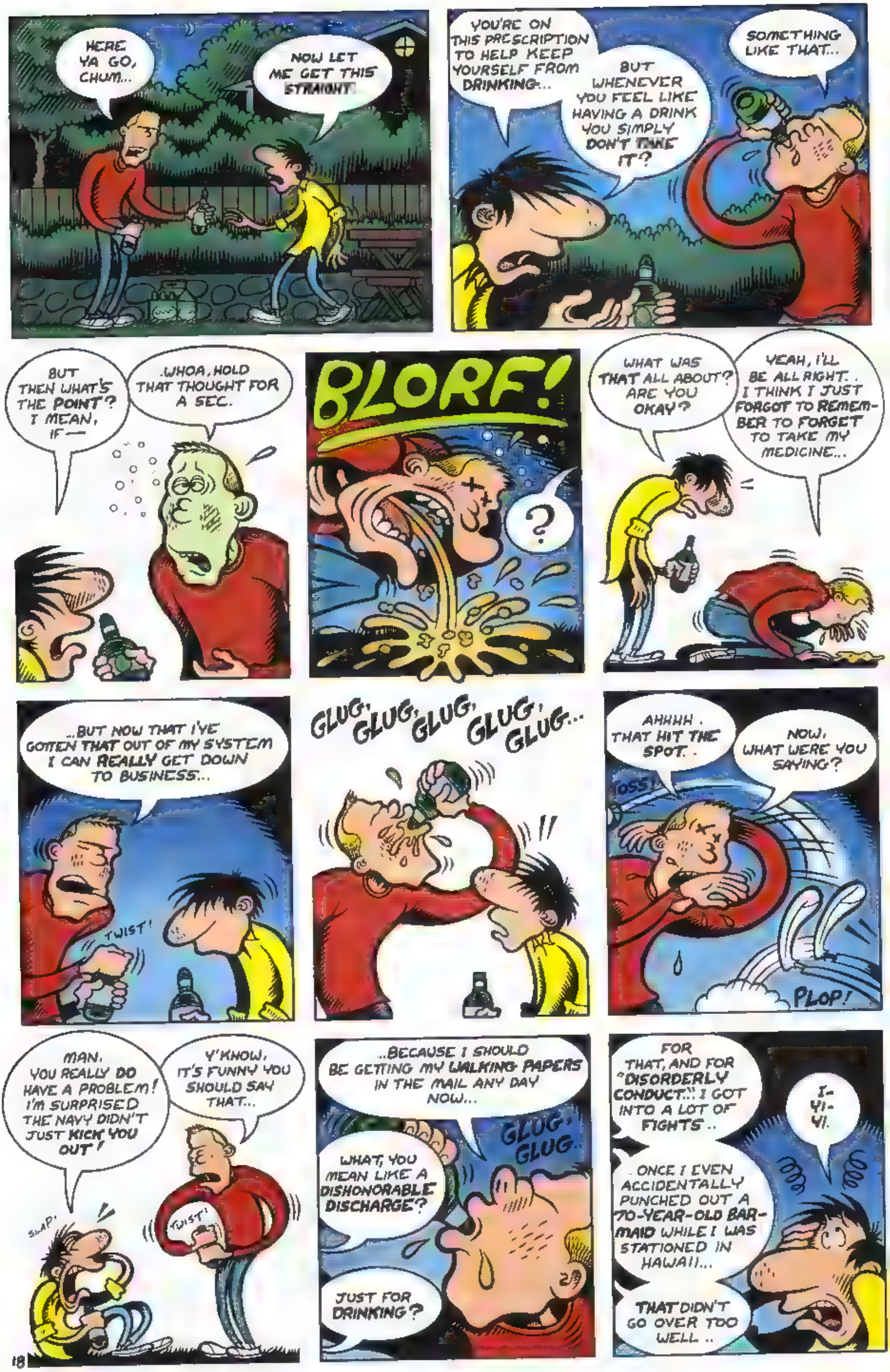

THE NEXT DAY
VRRUMBDUMBRUMBLUBRATTLMB...
LEAVE IT IN SECOND GEAR, GODDAMMIT! WHY DO YOU KEEP DOWN-SHIFTING TO FIRST?
BECAUSE I'M TRYING TO SLOW DOWN!
SLAM!
THEN USE THE BRAKE! YOU NEVER SHIFT BACK DOWN TO FIRST!
YOU SHIFT YOUR WAY AND I'LL MINE, OKAY?
BESIDES, MY FEET KEEP SLIPPING OFF THE PEDALS 'CUZ I'M VIBRATING TOO MUCH!
RUMBLE... BRUMBLE...
WELL, YOU'D BETTER FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO STOP THIS THING RIGHT NOW BEFORE YOU RUIN MY PARENTS' LAWN!
BRUMM!
I'M TRYING, BUDDY!
I KNOW, I'LL USE THE EMERGENCY BRAKE...
BRUMM
NO, DON'T—
SCREE-OOWEE-EREEOOEECH!
ERT!
PUT IT IN NEUTRAL, LISA!
OR BETTER YET, SHUT OFF THE ENGINE!
WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU! THE TRUCK'S MAKING A HORRIBLE NOISE!
EEOOWEEOOWEE
HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING! GET BACK IN HERE!
NEVER—
WHOOPS!


I'LL NEVER LEARN HOW TO DRIVE THAT AWFUL THING, AND I DON'T WANT TO LEARN!
BUT YOU HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO DRIVE IT! HOW ELSE ARE YOU GOING TO GET TO YOUR NEW JOB?
I'LL WALK! OR BETTER YET, I'LL MOVE INTO THE STOCKROOM AND LIVE THERE!
ANYTHING TO AVOID RIDING IN THAT NOISY, HIDEOUS POLIO-MOBILE!
SHE'S GOT A POINT, THERE...
?
OH.. HI, DAD...
SORRY ABOUT THE FRONT LAWN IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
AAH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT
SAY, WHAT'S WITH THE BACK WHEELS ON THIS THING?
HUH? OH, IT'S A LONG STORY
BUT I'M TELLIN' YA, DAD, I GOT A GREAT DEAL ON THIS THING, BELIEVE YOU ME.
OH, I BELIEVE YOU ALL RIGHT.
BUT FROM WHAT I HEARD, LISA'S THE ONE WHO'LL BE DRIVING IT THE MOST, RIGHT?
ER.. UH..
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. BRADLEY!
AND I BARELY EVEN KNOW HOW TO DRIVE TO BEGIN WITH, LET ALONE A FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE "MONSTER TRUCK" WITH STANDARD TRANSMISSION!
BUT I'M TRYING TO TEACH YOU HOW TO DRIVE IT, LISA, ONLY YOU WON'T LISTEN!
IS THAT SO? WELL, I WISH YOU LISTENED TO ME, WHEN I SAID I DIDN'T EVEN WANT THIS STUPID TRUCK, BUT NOOO, YOU JUST HAD TO—
HOLD IT, HOLD IT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
HOW ABOUT IF I TEACH HER HOW TO DRIVE IT?
HUH? YOU? WHY YOU INSTEAD OF ME?
?
BECAUSE YOU'RE HER BOY-FRIEND, AND YOUNG LOVERS SHOULD NEVER TEACH EACH OTHER HOW TO DRIVE..
IT MAY LEAD TO OTHER PROBLEMS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN HEH-HEH.
WINK WINK
NUDGE NUDGE
YEAH, BUT.
COME ALONG, LITTLE LADY.. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.
I'M AN OLD PRO AT THIS
?



LATER.
MAN, THEY'VE BEEN GONE FOR OVER TWO HOURS ALREADY. I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THEM.
MAYBE THEY WOUND UP IN A HORRIBLE, BONE-CRUSHING CAR ACCIDENT
OR MAYBE SHE GOT THE HANG OF IT, AND IS SIMPLY ENJOYING HERSELF
CHERIOS
EITHER WAY, I WISH THEY'D HURRY UP, 'CUZ I'M HUNGRY FOR DINNER
WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT I DID AND MAKE YOUR OWN DINNER?
HMMMM.. MOM, IS THERE ANYTHING HERE I CAN MAKE FOR MYSELF BESIDES CEREAL?
I KNOW THERE'S SOME LEFTOVER PIZZA IN THERE...
LOOK IN THE FRIDGE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF
MMMM. I HOPE NO ONE MINDS IF I POLISH OFF THIS PIZZA PIE..
HEY BUTCH, YOU WANT A BEER?
NO, THANKS
NO? I'M SURPRISED. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU DRINK ONE BEER SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HOME.
I FIGURED YOU WOULD'VE CLEANED US OUT BY NOW...
YOUR BROTHER CAN'T DRINK BECAUSE OF THE MEDICATION THE NAVY DOCTORS PUT HIM ON
MEDICATION? FOR WHAT?
FOR MY CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM, I GUESS.. MY DRINKING GOT PRETTY BAD THERE FOR A WHILE, SO THEY'RE TRYING TO GET IT UNDER CONTROL...
REALLY? YIKES.
SO, UH, WHAT DOES THIS MEDICINE DO? HOW DOES IT WORK?
IF I DRINK ANY ALCOHOL WHILE I'M ON IT, I GET SICK.. IT MAKES ME THROW UP, BASICALLY..
EW, YUCK!
SO WHAT DOES DAD MAKE OF ALL THIS?
HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT IT..
AND YOU'RE NOT GONNA TELL HIM, EITHER!
BUT, WHY NOT? I DON'T SEE THE POINT OF—
DON'T TELL YOUR FATHER.
UHH...OKAY, WHATEVER YOU SAY..
YEESH!

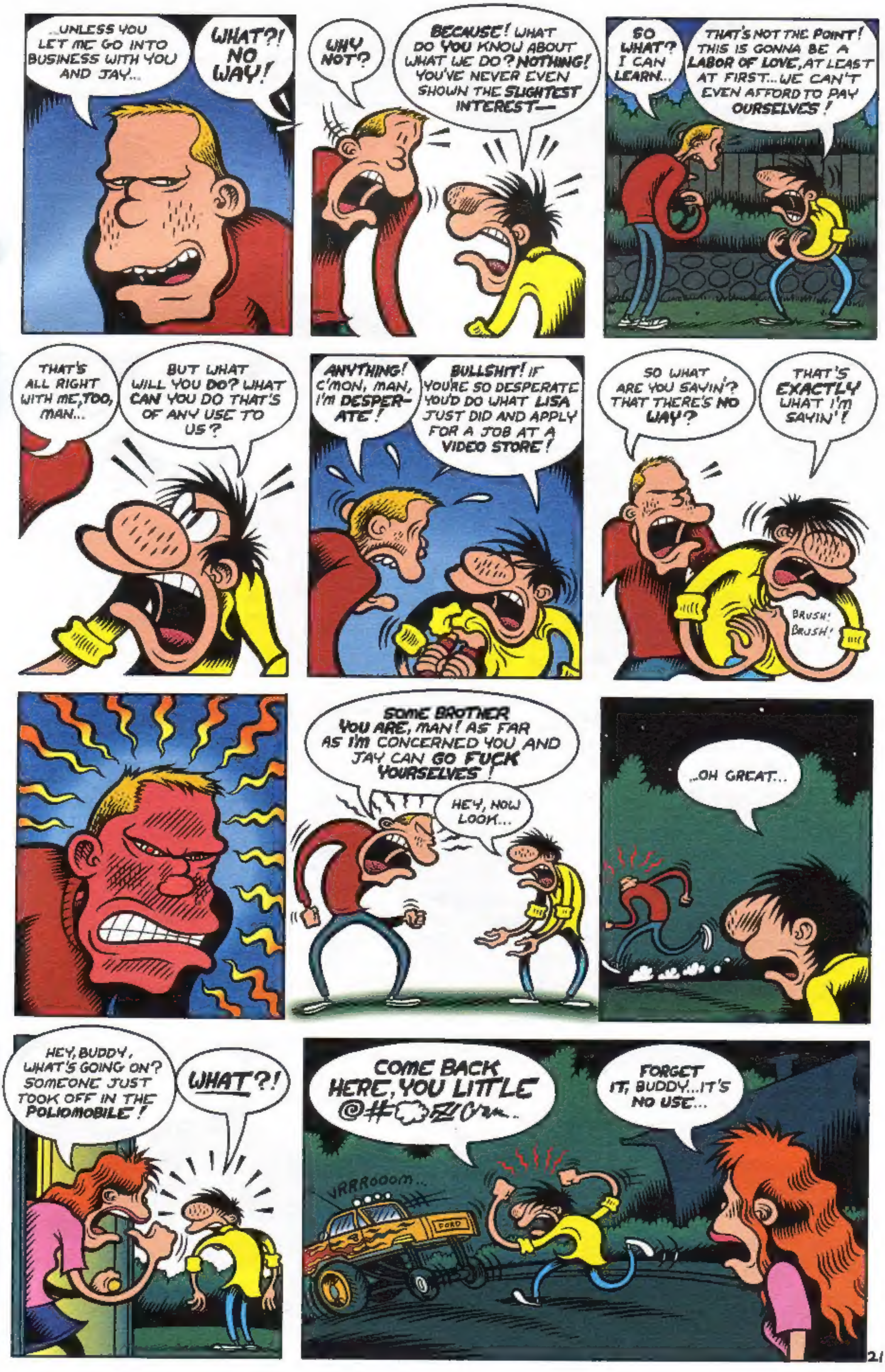
THAT EVENING, IN BUDDY AND LISA'S BASEMENT "CRIB".
SO, HOW'D YOUR DRIVING LESSON GO, LISA?
GREAT! I THINK I FINALLY GOT THE HANG OF IT
YA WANNA KNOW SOMETHING, BUDDY? YOUR FATHER IS A REALLY NICE MAN!
UH-HUH. SO WHAT'S THE PUNCHLINE?
I'M SERIOUS! HE WAS SO PATIENT WITH ME WHILE HE WAS TEACHING ME HOW TO DRIVE...
HE EXPLAINED EVERYTHING IN SUCH A SLOW, STEADY MANNER..
SO HOW WAS I NOT PATIENT WITH YOU? DIDN'T I EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO YOU TOO?
BUT YOUR DAD WAS DIFFERENT, THE WAY HE JUST SAT THERE WITH HIS EYES HALF OPEN...
IT WAS ALMOST LIKE HE COULDN'T CARE LESS IF WE GOT INTO A FIERY CAR CRASH AND DIED ON THE SPOT.
YEAH, WELL, HE DIDN'T USED TO BE THAT WAY, I'LL TELL YA WHAT. HE USED TO BE NORMAL. HE USED TO HAVE THE WILL TO LIVE...
DINO BY NICK TOSCHES
OH, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I THINK HE'S SIMPLY LEARNED HOW TO PACE HIMSELF, WHICH IS SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO TRY EMULATING.
YEAH, RIGHT. AS IF A GUY IN HIS CONDITION HAS ANY CHOICE IN THE MATTER..
TAP! TAP! TAP!
?!? WHAT'S THAT TAPPING NOISE?
BEATS ME...
TAP! TAP! TAP!
WAIT A MINUTE, I THINK I SEE A CERTAIN SOMEONE AT THE WINDOW...
TAP! TAP! TAP!
HEY THERE, BIG BROTHER! CARE TO JOIN ME FOR SOME AFTER-DINNER REFRESHMENTS?
AREN'T YOU FORGETTING ABOUT YOUR MEDICATION, LITTLE BROTHER?
ALL I REMEMBER IS THAT I FORGOT TO TAKE IT. HEH-HEH...
OH BROTHER...
AND HOW ABOUT YOUR GAL PAL? THINK SHE'D CARE TO JOIN US?
WHADAYA SAY, LISA?
NO, THANKS. YOUR FATHER SAID HE'S GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO PLAY CHINESE CHECKERS!



HERE YA GO, CHUM...
NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT:
YOU'RE ON THIS PRESCRIPTION TO HELP KEEP YOURSELF FROM DRINKING...
BUT WHENEVER YOU FEEL LIKE HAVING A DRINK YOU SIMPLY DON'T TAKE IT?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
BUT THEN WHAT'S THE POINT? I MEAN, IF—
..WHOA, HOLD THAT THOUGHT FOR A SEC.
BLORF!
?
WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT? ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. . I THINK I JUST FORGOT TO REMEMBER TO FORGET TO TAKE MY MEDICINE...
...BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOTTEN THAT OUT OF MY SYSTEM I CAN REALLY GET DOWN TO BUSINESS...
TWIST!
GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLUG...
AHHHH . THAT HIT THE SPOT. .
NOW, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?
TOSS!
PLOP!
MAN, YOU REALLY DO HAVE A PROBLEM! I'M SURPRISED THE NAVY DIDN'T JUST KICK YOU OUT!
Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT...
SLAP!
TWIST!
...BECAUSE I SHOULD BE GETTING MY WALKING PAPERS IN THE MAIL ANY DAY NOW...
GLUG, GLUG
WHAT, YOU MEAN LIKE A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE?
JUST FOR DRINKING?
FOR THAT, AND FOR "DISORDERLY CONDUCT." I GOT INTO A LOT OF FIGHTS ..
..ONCE I EVEN ACCIDENTALLY PUNCHED OUT A 70-YEAR-OLD BARMAID WHILE I WAS STATIONED IN HAWAII...
THAT DIDN'T GO OVER TOO WELL ..
I-YI-YI.

DOES MA KNOW ABOUT THIS YET?
ABOUT THE BARMAID? NO, BUT SHE KNOWS ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE.
BUT DAD DOESN'T KNOW A THING, SO DON'T YOU TELL HIM!
OH, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD...
"DON'T TELL DAD", "DON'T TELL DAD"— WHAT IS IT WITH ALL THIS "DON'T TELL DAD" SHIT!?
WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF!?
HEY, PERSONALLY I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT HE DOES OR DOESN'T KNOW...
...IT'S MOM WHO WANTS TO KEEP IT FROM HIM, AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING, 'CUZ SHE DOESN'T WANT TO PUT ANY UNDUE STRAIN ON HIM...
HE DOES HAVE A HEART CONDITION, Y'KNOW.
SO WHAT!? YOU ALL MAKE HIM SOUND LIKE SOME DELICATE LITTLE FLOWER, WHO'LL BEND TO THE SLIGHTEST BREEZE..
I COULD JUST PICTURE IT "MR BRADLEY, WE HATE TO INFORM YOU OF THIS, BUT YOUR SON IS A TOTAL LOSER."
BUT FIRST HE'LL PROBABLY ASK: "WHICH ONE OF MY SONS ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"
"WHAT?! OH NO— *ACK*ACK* ACK* GASP! UGHHH.."
...HUH? OH... I, UH...
—HEY NOW, JUST ONE MINUTE—
GOTCHA!
YA SEE, MAN? WE TWO ARE A LOT ALIKE! WE'RE TWO PEAS IN A POD
WE ARE NOT!
AND LET GO OF ME!
IT'S TRUE, MAN! YOU'RE AN ALCOHOLIC, JUST LIKE ME! ADMIT IT!
YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE!
I AM NOT! AT LEAST, NOT LIKE YOU ARE!
AND WILL YOU LET GO. UMPF!
BULLSHIT, MAN! WE COME FROM A LONG LINE OF DRUNKS! EVEN MOM IS A LUSH! DID YOU KNOW THAT?
OH, SHE IS NOT...
IT'S TRUE, MAN! SHE'S SNEAKIN' SIPS ALL DAY LONG FROM A BOTTLE OF GIN SHE KEEPS HIDDEN UNDER THE KITCHEN SINK!
SHE'S GOT A BUZZ GOIN' ALL DAY, MAN!
R-REALLY?

HEY, POP! DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU LIVE WITH A BUNCH OF DRUNKS?
WHADAYA THINK ABOUT THAT, OLD MAN?!
(SHHHH, BE QUIET! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?)
DON'T YOU TELL ME TO BE QUIET!
WHO ARE YOU TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO, YOU NO-GOOD FUCK-UP!
U-U-HEY, EASY WITH THAT BOTTLE, KIDDO...
WHY? ARE YOU AFRAID I'M GONNA CRACK YOU IN THE HEAD WITH IT LIKE YOU DID TO ME THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU?
WHAT? WHEN DID I. UHHH..
.OH.
AH-HAH! YA SEE? YOU WERE HOPIN' I WAS TOO DRUNK TO REMEMBER, WEREN'T YOU? I'LL ADMIT I WAS PRETTY WASTED, BUT I WASN'T THAT OUT OF IT..
LOOKS LIKE I OWE YOU ONE, DON'T I?
W-W-WELL, SHIT, MAN, THE ONLY REASON I DID THAT WAS BECAUSE YOU WERE TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL, AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO!
BULL-SH—
IT'S TRUE, AND YOU KNOW IT, TOO! OTHERWISE YOU WOULD'VE TRIED TO GET EVEN WITH ME AS SOON AS YOU CAME TO!
YOU WERE READY TO KILL SOMEBODY THAT NIGHT, RE-MEMBER?
AAAH.. I WAS ONLY JOKING AROUND..
WELL, IT SURE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE YOU WERE JOKING TO ME, AND I WASN'T GONNA TAKE ANY CHANCES!
I DID YOU A FAVOR, PAL! I KEPT YOU OUT OF JAIL!
THERE, YOU SEE? YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE CALLIN' ME OR ANY-ONE ELSE A "FUCK-UP".
LOOK AT YOURSELF, MAN! YOU'RE NOWHERES-VILLE!
CLUNK!
YOU'RE RIGHT... I'VE HIT ROCK-BOTTOM...
I'VE GOT NOWHERE TO GO FROM HERE..
THAT'S THE WAY IT LOOKS, ALL RIGHT...
..UNLESS..
UNLESS? UNLESS WHAT?


...UNLESS YOU LET ME GO INTO BUSINESS WITH YOU AND JAY...
WHAT?! NO WAY!
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WHAT WE DO? NOTHING! YOU'VE NEVER EVEN SHOWN THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST—
SO WHAT? I CAN LEARN...
THAT'S NOT THE POINT! THIS IS GONNA BE A LABOR OF LOVE, AT LEAST AT FIRST... WE CAN'T EVEN AFFORD TO PAY OURSELVES!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, TOO, MAN...
BUT WHAT WILL YOU DO? WHAT CAN YOU DO THAT'S OF ANY USE TO US?
ANYTHING! C'MON, MAN, I'M DESPERATE!
BULLSHIT! IF YOU'RE SO DESPERATE YOU'D DO WHAT LISA JUST DID AND APPLY FOR A JOB AT A VIDEO STORE!
SO WHAT ARE YOU SAYIN'? THAT THERE'S NO WAY?
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M SAYIN'!
BRUSH! BRUSH!
SOME BROTHER YOU ARE, MAN! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED YOU AND JAY CAN GO FUCK YOURSELVES!
HEY, NOW LOOK...
...OH GREAT...
HEY, BUDDY, WHAT'S GOING ON? SOMEONE JUST TOOK OFF IN THE POLIOMOBILE!
WHAT?!
COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE @#
VRRROOOM...
FORD
FORGET IT, BUDDY... IT'S NO USE...

HOURS LATER...
...MUTTER MUTTER... WHY ON EARTH DID I EVER MOVE BACK TO THIS PLACE SPUTTER FUME...
OH BUDDY, JUST LIE DOWN AND TRY TO FORGET ABOUT IT. YOU NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP...
PACE. PACE.
HOW CAN I GO TO SLEEP WHEN MY DRUNKEN IDIOT BROTHER IS CAREENING ALL OVER TOWN IN OUR NEW TRUCK?!?
WHAT IF HE TOTALS IT?! WHAT'LL WE DO THEN?!
WELL THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW...
YEAH, BUT THAT AIN'T THE HALF OF IT...WHAT'S GONNA BECOME OF THAT GOOFBALL? HE SEEMS SO... HOPELESS!
I'M AFRAID HE'S GONNA DO SOMETHING REALLY STUPID, ESPECIALLY SINCE HE'S GOT NOTHING TO LOSE...
MAYBE YOU SHOULD TALK TO YOUR FOLKS ABOUT THIS...YOUR FATHER MAY HAVE SOME IDEAS...
NAH...MY OLD MAN WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ...IF HE DID HE'D OF DONE IT BY NOW...
HE AIN'T NO ANSWER MAN...HE'S AS CLUELESS AS EVERYONE ELSE...
RRRRUMBLE...
?
MY MOM IS RIGHT... WE MIGHT AS WELL KEEP HIM IN THE DARK...
BUDDY, LOOK! THE TRUCK IS BACK!
...HOW DOES IT LOOK? ANY NEW DENTS OR SCRATCHES?
NEVER MIND THE TRUCK! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BROTHER?
I DON'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE...
HE'S NOT IN THE TRUCK...
ALL I SEE IS A BIG BOX...
WITH A NOTE...
WHAT'S IT SAY?
IT SAYS: "BUDDY, I WANTED TO DO YOU AND JAY A FAVOR, BUT THIS IS ALL I COULD FIND IN THAT OLD DRUGSTORE...
"...MAYBE LISA COULD USE THEM? WHO KNOWS"...
SOME-THING FOR ME? I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE...
"...RIGHT NOW I'M STAYIN' AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE. TELL MA I'LL CALL HER TOMORROW. —BUTCH"
WHAT TH-?!? A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF PANTYHOSE?
SHEER
END.

LET'S BE PALSIE-WALSIES!

WRITE TO: PETER BAGGE, c/o FANTAGRAPHICS, 7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE, SEATTLE, WA, 98115

Allow me to get some mercenary bitz o' bizniz out of the way first: for those who continue to ask, subscriptions to *Hate* are easily obtainable and highly encouraged. Just write to Fantagraphics or call them ***toll-free*** (1-800-657-1100) and get the next 6 issues for only $17.50. So cheap! So easy! And for those who are interested: yes, I do have original art for sale, and since I avoid comic conventions like the plague these days the only way you'll be able to purchase one is by writing to me and telling me which page(s) you want! So easy! So... Well, not so cheap, since I charge $200 - $300 per page. So I guess that counts out all you poor starving, OK Soda-hating Generation X-ers. And I guess you *never will* be able to afford one either, since it's a well-known fact you'll *never be as well off as your parents!* *Sob!*

The big fuss going on these days in the oh-so-exclusive underground-cartoonists cocktail party circuit is over Ivan Brunetti's ***Schizo*** comics ($3.50, Antarctic Press, 7272 Wurzbach, Suite 204, San Antonio, TX, 78240) in which Ivan takes a *huge* leap forward in style and execution in order to explain to the reader in panel after panel, page after page, that life *sucks* and *he hates himself*. If such redundant misanthropy appeals to you, then I'd suggest you order now, before Mr. Brunetti takes some much-needed medication and gets all better... Another title with a very funny yet very ugly view of the world is the absurdly titled ***Booby Tit*** by Kevin Scalzo ($1.50, 4919 Madison Ave., Lincoln, NE, 68504). Kevin's art and stories remind me (and everyone else) somewhat of Julie Doucet's and Roy Tompkins' comics, and this, of course, is a good thing. So *check it out*, what say ye... Another talent-to-watch is Seattle's own Ward Sutton, who's finally got a comic book of this own entitled ***Ink Blot*** ($2.95, Aeon Press, 5014-D Roosevelt Way NE, Sea, WA, 98105). Ward's got a very appealing drawing style that I can only describe as a *calmed-down* version of Lloyd Dangle's comics. Give it a look-see!... I also found myself charmed — if that's the right word — by Canadian cartoonist Marc Bell's latest effort, namely ***The Mojo Action Companion Unit #3*** ($2.50, Box M-1549 Mount Allison U., Sackville, N.B., E0A-3C0, Canada). Marc's art work is very doodly and stream-of-consciousness, which can be good *and* bad, though in this case he's usually on the mark, especially with his story about his hometown of Sackville, N.B....

Some "fanzines" worth noting would include ***Scram #3***, a general low-brow interest kind of thing that's well made with nice cover art and good writing throughout. Plus anything that features *anything* by pop-culture "archivist" Phil Milstein is worth its cover price, in this case $2.50 (Box 461626, Hollywood, CA 90046-1626)... A relatively slicker, newsstand-type publication that ought to interest a lot of you is ***Subliminal Tattoos***, since it devotes a major portion of its pages to reviews and interviews with alternative comics and their creators, as well as a general mix of music, books, politics, etc. ($5.00 p.p. to 9604 SE 5th St., Vancouver, WA, 98664)... I also feel obliged to mention an odd, rather self-indulgent little ol' zine called ***What The Hell?***, since issue #3 features the weirdest, most ridiculous interview I've ever given, conducted by goofball editor Robert Bhatia ($3.00, 92 Main St., Tarrytown, NY, 10591)... I'd also like to make a correction from last ish, where it listed the price of the fanzine ***Live Beat*** as a whopping seven dollars, when in fact it's only $2.00 p.p. Hope this didn't cause any confusion... And finally, to all of you who have recently written in to say how much you miss my manic cross-hatching in the old *Hates*, even though I never got anything but grief over my cross-hatching at the time I was doing it, all I can say is #@!%&!! —*PETER BAGGE*

Dear Peter,

Hate #16 came out pretty well, despite the fact that it was in color. I must admit that I kind of miss your elaborate cross-hatching. (*Arrgh! — P.B.*) But the story was as sick and twisted as always. You really have a knack for portraying losers, and speaking of losers: It was good to see the Bradleys again, especially Buddy's niece and nephew — the brats from hell! I also enjoyed seeing Jay again, even with his hair cut.

But what about the other scumbags that we have grown to love (or hate)? What about Val, Stinky, and George? Surely you won't dump them now that they've made you rich? (Of course you would. You're an underground *cartoonist*; you have no morals). Let me rephrase that: If we have seen the last of the Seattle people, I'll hunt you down and kill you with a massive overdose of mutant comic-books.

Keep up the good work, because if you should ever disappoint me — SNIKT!

Christian de la Rosa Nielsen
Hvidovre, Denmark

Dear Mr. Bagge,

An Xmas cheque from an unsuspecting relative, and there I was, marching back into the alternative comix shop after an impoverished six months' absence, eager to catch up with Buddy and the gang... Well, they were sold out of *Hate* #16 (which was OK since I needed #15 too) but from what I was told about it I am not exactly awaiting a new shipment of this "Big Sell-Out issue!" with fond anticipation (*colour ?!@#?*), so I thought I'd better write the letter I'd been meaning to for years telling you how much I love *Hate* before it is too late...

So what the *fuck* is it with you, Peter, all this whiny, obnoxious, only-half-joking moneylust, I mean!! How can you *possibly* not have realized by now that "a decent living" obtained from doing something as nifty as *Hate* is a rare, rare treasure on this stupid little mudball, and that except for a few freak cases (The Beatles, whatever) "a million dollars" comes *only* from catering to the near-retarded "taste" of the slimoid majority?? Be satisfied with your medium-priced stereo, Peter — it's all you ever need, trust me! And if "Hate Island II" really *is* true-to-life-at-F.G., no wonder you're so screwed-up at the moment! It seems Groth and whatsisname don't have any clearer idea of their rôle in society than you do... And incidentally, I have always seen my own libertarianism as pretty much antithetical to my punk nihilism — I mean, what could be *less* "cynical and nihilistic" than caring enough about the world to want it to be a freer place? Well, anyway, I've enjoyed the first 15 issues of *Hate* very much (as well as *The Bradleys* and *Studs Kirby*), and I just hope that when I *do* get round to #16 one of those A-bomb cloud things doesn't "fa-shoom!" above my head...

Keeping my fingers crossed,
Joey Btfsplk,
Victoria, B.C.

P.S. *Regardless* of selling-out, colour (?!), whatever, if you ever even *think* of changing Lisa in any way that makes me no longer want to fuck her cute little kookette brains out, I will hop the next ferry down there and "the fur will fly"... *(What's with all of these threats?!? —P.B.)*

Just bought *Hate* #s 17 & 16, which is a trick in itself to find two issues at the same time in this part of the country, and I want to join the "aye" votes on the color and the new inker set-up. To all the detractors, I think this change just proves that even though b & w is a medium you can work well in, color is too, and more aesthetically etc. Now that you're "into" flesh tones, how about some sex in future issues? Nothing like a little tasteless humping to appeal to your overly-stimulated fans.

Matt Wenger
Lawrence, KC

I can't help but wonder what you do with your time now that it's not filled up with cross-hatching — quality time with your family? #17 is way better than #16, you're finding your feet with the color. Color makes it a whole new ball game. Let's see you do something untoward!

Yours in fandom,
Lauren Tillinghast

P.S. Just a note to B.N. Duncan of Berkeley CA: Get a grip fella and learn how to write a letter!

I like the "return to Jersey" storyline on a pragmatic level in that I'm from the East Coast myself, and have thought a lot about the ramifications of a seemingly inevitable return. However, it is exactly for that reason that it depresses the hell out of me (especially in color) that your characters have left Seattle. Having grown up in the Jersey-esque suburban manicured lawn, pick-up truck, beer bong atmosphere, the situations just don't interest me as much. The hopelessness and ennui Buddy and Lisa exude seem like second nature to me. Why wouldn't they feel that way? At least in Seattle, although the targets are just as easy to get a bead on (grunge, piercings, lattes, white college pseudo-poverty, etc.) they are still somewhat new.

Despite all my sniping, (wouldn't bother otherwise) I think *Hate* is the best written currently running comic out. In fact, *Hate*, *Peepshow*, and *Grit Bath* are the only ones I buy at all anymore. I know, my horizons are impossibly limited...

Sean Beaudoin
S.F., CA

Sean is responsible for a well-written, idiosyncratic, personal-type 'zine called ***Zapruder Headsnap****. Those so inclined should send $3.00 to 537 Jones, #2074, SF, CA, 94102.*

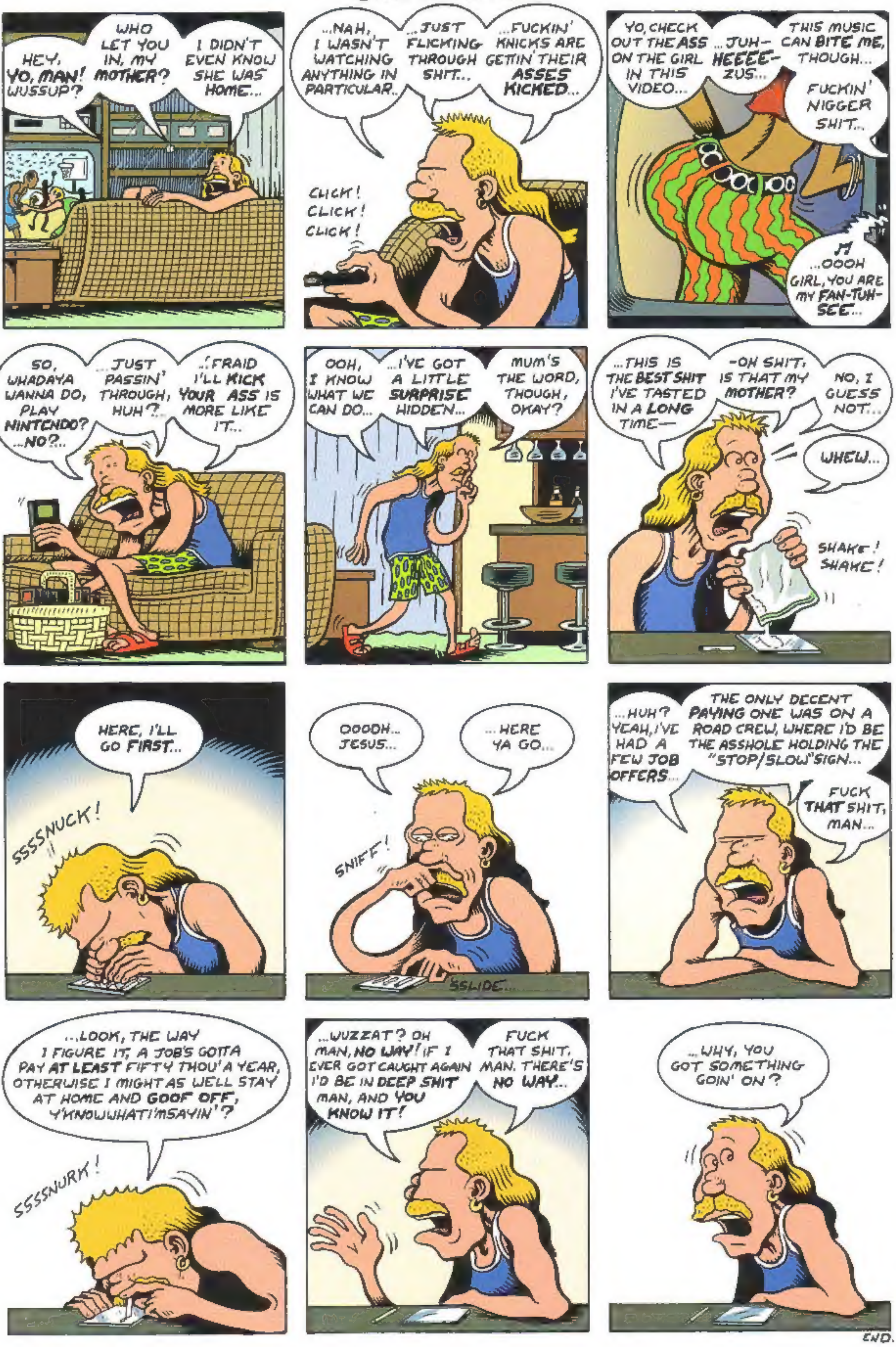
Please, please, PLEASE bring Buddy back to Seattle! NEW JERSEY?!?! UUUUGH!! A fate worse than death for anyone except my bitch ex-girlfriends! Bring 'em back and then we can start suburban renewing the "Manhole Cover State" with nuclear devices. SHIT! I DON'T WANNA BE BITTER BY MYSELF!!

Joe "Damage" Walker
Seattle, WA

I must tell you about something my father used to say when I told him I hated something. I'd say "I hate that show!" and he'd say (yiddish accent here), "Hate! Hate! Why do you always gotta hate? Why can't ya just *not like*?"

Deb Stein
Iowa City, IA

ART BY STEVEN OF SEATTLE, WA

HANGIN' OUT WITH BUDDY'S NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR, JIMMY FOLEY

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